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New Republic

DECEMBER 13, 1948

NEW FACES IN CONGRESS
NO. 1 OF A SERIES

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By WALTER L. BRIGGS

★

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New Republic

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1948, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. Printed in the U. S. A.

WASHINGTON WIRE

VICTORIOUS Harry Truman waited until 200 or more reporters, scanned by secret-service men, shuffled into the packed circular study of the White House. Then he stood up behind his big, flat-topped desk and grinned. Everybody grinned back. It was his first conference since the election miracle.

On April 17, 1945, a humble and rather frightened little man had held his first press conference as President in this same room, and had asked reporters to pray for him. There was nothing of that in the Truman mood now. He had the lively, alert, quizzical expression of a fox terrier with its head cocked, as he invited questions. The titters of the White House secretarial claque which attends these conferences, and of the public-relations agents from all the various federal bureaus and agencies, soon rose to a guffaw. Reporters joined in. It was essentially the same simple, modest, average man from Independence, Missouri, standing behind the desk, but he had been right and nearly everybody else in the room had been wrong. It was the reporters who were chastened.

Was this a "new Truman"? Not that we could see. There was a new note of good-natured contempt for "columnists" in what the President said. There was also a new Truman desk mascot reproducing the famous Chicago *Tribune* post-election headline, "Dewey Beats Truman." There was sudden firmness and grimness when the President repudiated a story that he would accept the Thurmond "Dixiecrat" electoral votes, and said he was proud that he had succeeded in winning with neither New York nor the Solid South. There was a conscious effort to stop and think before answering reporters' loaded questions, but this (in our judgment) didn't go very far. There was also the self-assurance that comes to a man who now feels he can appeal over the head of the hostile, prejudiced, American publicity machine to the other plain people of the country.

But Truman is already caught between divided counsel of Left and Right among his own intimates. Secretary of the Treasury Snyder, White House Assistant Steelman, Budget Director Webb and gentle, scholarly Dr. Nourse urge a conservative fiscal course. The heart of the problem is the fact that the Republicans cut taxes $5 billion. No longer can an expanded social program at home, and the defense and economic-support program abroad, be financed out of a surplus. More money is needed. Compulsory federal allocation controls for such tight materials as steel are needed. Truman faces what may be the most important decision of a four-year term right at the outset. He must decide this month whether to be bold or timid, carry out his mandate or continue with business-as-usual.

Pale, conspiratorial Robert E. Stripling, counsel of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, saw his chance last week. Committee morale was at a low ebb. Chairman Thomas was accused of taking salary kickbacks from his secretaries; two other GOP committee members had been defeated for reëlection; "lame-duck" Republican control would soon end. But off-the-record, preliminary court hearings in Baltimore in the $75,000 slander suit brought by Alger Hiss against the self-confessed ex-Communist spy Whittaker Chambers had produced startling new evidence.

Once again the quiet, careful court procedure was bringing out facts that the sensationalism of the Thomas committee had completely missed. Chambers now admitted that he still had documents taken from State Department and other files. Chambers, it ap-

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The SECOND Hundred Days!

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New Republic

peared, was at last in a mood to "tell all." It was Stripling's chance. Quickly he descended on his former witness with a subpoena. And to the committee which had given him such friendly prominence in the past, Chambers yielded up hundreds of feet of microfilm concealed in a hollowed-out pumpkin on his Maryland farm.

Committee member Karl Mundt (R, S. D.) was in ecstasy. He rushed back to Washington issuing statements. The mimeograph machines of the committee began to hum. Press conferences and confidential tips for the favorite Stripling correspondents began again. Washington had a new sensation to make people forget the election. Once more the quiet process of law was interrupted. Trial by jury was superseded again by trial by headline.

Notes. Adult workers' education courses at the University of Michigan, interrupted at the intervention of General Motors officials who charged they were "Marxist," are being restored. GOP Governor Kim Sigler, who supported the opposition to the courses, was defeated. . . . Presidential economic adviser Keyserling estimates that the cost of another depression, 1929 model, would be $800 billion, more than two and a half times the cost of the war to America. . . . Meanwhile 1948 corporation profits are breaking all records while stock prices on jittery Wall Street still suffer post-election sinking spells. Liberal GOP Senator Flanders of Vermont has started an investigation, Senator O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.) will jump right in with full-scale hearings as soon as the new Congress meets. O'Mahoney, incidentally, believes taxes should be restored by "at least" the $5 billion cut by Republicans. . . . Regal, elegant, forceful Madame Chiang, one of the most spoiled and gifted women on earth, pleads in vain in embarrassed Washington for her husband's tottering government. After her great wartime reception here in 1943, the failure of this desperate effort to practise diplomacy in the romantic manner is something to awe even hostile critics.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 24, ISSUE 1776, NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 13, 1948 **New Republic**

UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

THE House Committee on Un-American Activities is using the latest twist in the great Hiss-Chambers imbroglio as an excuse to postpone its own demise. We predict now that the effort will and should be unsuccessful.

Whether the secret State Department documents which Whittaker Chambers produced from his pumpkin, after inexplicable delay, are of any real importance, we do not know at this writing. But whatever their importance, the committee's sorry record of failure over the years stands undiminished. Robert E. Stripling, its grand inquisitor, should carry out his announced intention to resign. The first session of the 81st Congress should abolish the committee.

The United States, of course, must be protected against spies. Proved Communists should not have positions giving them access to military secrets. But other agencies exist with the duty, power and ability to carry out these aims. The committee only hinders them.

Last August, when the Hiss-Chambers circus was at its gaudiest, President Truman called the committee's activities "a red herring" to divert attention from the failure of the 80th Congress to deal with prices and housing. In his Oklahoma City speech September 28 he went further to accuse the Republican Party, then in control of the committee, of usurping the functions of grand juries, of interfering with legitimate work of the FBI and of helping communism rather than hindering it. His listeners cheered and later voted for him and his ideas.

Then the voters went to the polls and picked off two leading Republican members of the committee: Vail of Illinois and McDowell of Pennsylvania. With Chairman J. Parnell Thomas indicted on charges of corrupt practices, only two Democrats—Rankin of Mississippi and Wood of Georgia—will remain in the new Congress to carry on the grisly traditions established by Martin Dies when the Un-American Activities Committee was created ten years ago.

But if the will of the voters is obeyed, Rankin and Wood will never get a chance. Abolition of the Un-American Activities Committee should and must be the first order of business when the 81st Congress convenes in January.

Though the evils of the committee have come to be associated with the flamboyant personalities and practices of Thomas and Stripling, these evils actually go much deeper. They are inherent in the idea on which the committee was founded, that a committee of Congress could and should investigate the thoughts of American citizens. As long as the Un-American Activities Committee violates freedom of thought, it has no place in our legislative system.

And if the root-evil of the committee—its violation of the principles of freedom of thought—were not enough to warrant its extinction, the committee's own record would be ample to justify its death.

When it became a permanent body in 1946 after eight years of being only temporary, the committee was empowered to make

> investigations of (i) the extent, character, and objects of un-American propaganda activities in the United States; (ii) the diffusion within the United States of subversive and un-American propaganda that is instigated from foreign countries or of a domestic origin and attacks the principle of the form of government as guaranteed by our constitution; and (iii) all other questions in relation thereto that would aid Congress in any necessary remedial legislation.

It is apparent that the committee, in at least the third of these aims, has been an abysmal failure. In ten years, and after thousands of hours of hearings, public and private, it has produced only one major piece of proposed legislation. That was the Mundt-Nixon bill, which raised such protests from all political quarters because of its threat to civil liberties that even the unlamented 80th Congress refused to consider it. And if it had been passed, one proposed law would not justify the committee and the more than $1 million it has cost. Even by the limited legislative standard, the failure has been a resounding one.

But assume, for the sake of inquiry, that lack of legislative accomplishments alone is not sufficient to damn the committee. Examine the claim of its partisans that the mere existence of the committee, its kleiglighted hearing chamber and its gumshoe operatives have been enough to discourage subversive activities sufficiently to justify the time, effort and dollars spent on the undertaking.

To make this assumption we would have to agree

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that ten years of strenuous effort by the committee had uncovered a Communist network busily conspiring to change the American form of government. We would have to agree that conspiratorial aims had been proved, the subversive organization described and its membership revealed, at least in enough detail to be convincing. It would have to be a Communist organization, because the committee, from its inception, has limited its investigations almost entirely to Communists and to organizations believed to be associated with them.

Instead of original investigation, the committee has engaged in the most bare-faced borrowing of the work of other arms of the government. Such eloquent witnesses to Communist Party iniquity as Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley told their stories first to the FBI and the Attorney General's office. Whatever they may have had to contribute was used by those operatives, the stories filed away against further need.

By limiting its activities almost solely to investigating Communists, the committee made it necessary for its success or failure to be judged by one standard: did it add to America's knowledge of the Communist Party? The answer is no.

Without the justification of having uncovered significant new evidence on subversion or having prepared the groundwork for new legislation, the committee has only one possible excuse for existing: that its publicity, even though coming years after the events, served to focus public attention on the dangers so effectively that they were wiped out. But it is hard to believe that the American Communist Party is any weaker because of the committee's warmed-over "revelations." In fact, the reverse is more believable. The Communists, subjected to harassing, often unconstitutional attacks, have been able to assume a martyred pose as the champions of civil liberties since they are persecuted. Of course the picture of Communists defending civil liberties is a ridiculous one, in view of the Communist performance around the world, but that is just what the committee made possible.

The committee has demonstrated that publicity is a tricky weapon. Used in blunderbuss style, it often misses the target and hits innocent bystanders. Aiming at Hollywood, the committee let off a loud bang, damaged a few private reputations and produced not one shred of evidence that Communist political philosophy ever affected the highly lacquered Hollywood product.

The movie industry, had it been less hysterical and more certain of the soundness of its contribution to American culture, would have laughed at the investigation and proudly opened its doors to all congressmen to come see for themselves. Instead, it nervously fired anyone who refused to say whether he was a Communist, and canceled any projected pictures that had the faintest tinge of liberalism.

Solely on performance, the committee has been found wanting: it has neither stamped out subversion nor produced legislation to control it.

One of the worst aspects of the committee is the climate it has created throughout the nation, the climate of hysteria, witch-hunting and persecution. In Washington this manifested itself most cruelly in the President's own Loyalty Program. The best that can be said for Truman on this score is that he was in one of his more timid, confused periods and gave in to the same witch-hunters he was later to denounce so effectively. Yet his loyalty-check system remains on the books, a reproach to him and a living threat to the thousands of federal workers who must suffer its procedures. That system, too, should be expunged from the laws when the Un-American Activities Committee, its real parent, is wiped out.

The workings of the loyalty-check system are in certain respects more evil than those of the Un-American Activities Committee since the system works in secrecy while the committee at least brought its operations out into the light of day. Every federal employee is at the mercy of denunciations, no matter how irresponsible, which automatically bring him before an investigatory board and threaten his job.

In both the Loyalty Program and the gumshoeing of the Un-American Activities Committee the ostensible target is spies or potential spies. The committee's performance has been clumsy enough to convince anyone that spy-hunting is not its proper function. Time after time the activities of Messrs. Thomas, Stripling and friends have upset the legitimate activities of the FBI. The proper role of a congressional committee of investigation is to bring little-known facts into the public view and to suggest remedial legislation. Spy hunting is properly the function of the Department of Justice in collaboration with the military establishment and the FBI. In fact, the Department currently is preparing legislation which it says will plug gaps in the anti-espionage laws. While some of the Department's proposals seem of doubtful merit, it has proceeded correctly in the matter by conferring with the military and the FBI before coming up with new recommendations.

The 81st Congress, if it is responsive to the wishes of the people, will divest itself of a committee whose inefficiency and un-Americanism have been demonstrated for ten long years, and at the same time will free workers within the government from their own private burden of fear and injustice.

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NEW FACES IN CONGRESS

From the visitor's gallery the Congress that convenes January 3 will not look much different from its predecessors. The average member of the 81st, like the average congressman who went before, is still a lawyer, in his fifties, blessed with almost boundless ignorance and unable to speak three consecutive sentences without committing a crime against English.

From the Speaker's chair and from the Senate President's, however, this Congress will look very different from the last one. More new voices will answer roll call than at any time since 1932. There will be 118 new members in the House, of whom 103 are Democrats. There will be 18 new Senators, all but four of them Democrats. More than a quarter of the Representatives will be serving their first terms.

If the 81st Congress goes the way of the others, these eager newcomers will be smothered under the threadbare blanket of seniority privileges and rules written by the light of the kerosene lamp. But this time some of the antiques may be kicked off the whatnot. Many of the members got there by actually taking a stand on living issues and by convincingly promising reforms. Others were pushed into the District of Columbia by an electorate which learned the facts of political life from Franklin Roosevelt. All the Representatives and a third of the Senators are aware that they must run for office again in two short years and that the taxpayers expect them to improve matters meanwhile.

Some of the new legislators are introduced herewith by the New Republic. *Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.*

THE ILLINOIS DELEGATION

CHICAGO (NR correspondent)

BY KICKING OUT three of their most reactionary GOP Representatives, the voters of Illinois have done a lot toward giving the 81st Congress a new look. The successors of these reactionaries are of a single mind on such issues as repealing the Taft-Hartley Act, authorizing strong price controls and starting a public-housing program quickly.

Such opinions in an Illinois congressional delegation are enough in themselves to make the next Congress radically different from the last.

BARRETT O'HARA

The oldest of the newly elected Illinois Representatives is Barrett O'Hara, 66. He licked Richard B. Vail, a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee who once declared that anyone daring to criticize the committee should be investigated. O'Hara has been in the public eye since boyhood. When he was 15 he joined the Army and participated in the siege of Santiago in the Spanish-American War. At 30 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Illinois. During his four-year term he carried on a successful investigation into the low wages paid women workers by large industries.

In the next three decades O'Hara built a solid reputation as a criminal lawyer who never let a client go to the electric chair. He also ran for office frequently, trying for everything from state's attorney to US Representative, with no success. In the last campaign, O'Hara won votes by the forthrightness of his views on public affairs. In addition to opposing the Taft-Hartley Act and advocating the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill, he called for "effective support of the UN" and full operation of the Marshall Plan. He plumped also for more federal aid to education, extension of social security, and a return to price controls.

After his election, O'Hara said he thought that scientists from the University of Chicago, which is in his district, had helped him achieve his 7,000-vote majority. (Vail's isolationism and his cracks about un-American investigations doubtless cost him votes.) A brilliant and quick-witted speaker, O'Hara will be conspicuous on the floor of the House.

The youngest of the newcomers from Illinois is 39-year-old Sidney R. Yates, a progressive-minded lawyer who beat Robert Twyman. Twyman's campaign program was vague—reduction of taxes, "consistency in foreign policy" and "running the subversives out of the country." Yates detailed his own reasons for opposing T-H and supporting numerous social reforms. He went further than other candidates to put himself on record against the Mundt-Nixon bill, in favor of full recognition of Israel, enactment of non-discriminatory displaced-persons legislation, and against all discrimination in both housing and employment.

Yates is a lawyer who served as as-

SIDNEY R. YATES

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sistant attorney general under the late Democratic Governor Horner. During the war he was a Navy lieutenant. He is considered a protégé of Boss Jack Arvey, but has been independent enough to rebel against the county machine when he thought it necessary.

The third new Representative, running for office for the first time at the age of 53, Neil J. Linehan, defeated that old Red-baiter and mouthpiece for Colonel McCormick, Fred E. Busbey. Linehan is a card-holding member of Local 134 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and is the owner of his own electrical contracting firm.

DRAWINGS BY FRASCONI

NEIL J. LINEHAN

Linehan can be expected to look out sharply for veterans' interests since he is prominent in VFW affairs. A constant joiner, his memberships run from unions to the Irish-American Club of Chicago.

Besides his concern for veterans, his prime interests are the welfare of labor and a solution of the housing problem. Local AFL political organizations worked hard for him. His campaign contributions totaled about $2,800, while Busbey was receiving $6,700.

All three of the new Representatives have pledged themselves to adhere strictly to the Democratic national program. President Truman should be able to count on at least three new votes for any progressive measures he proposes.

THE WEEK

The Odds Are on Murray

A WEEK after the CIO convention, leaders of the pro-Wallace Farm Equipment Workers were desperately hunting an escape from the CIO executive board's order to merge their union with Walter Reuther's United Automobile Workers. They had amassed an impressive sheaf of local-union protests against what were alleged to be "arbitrary" and "dictatorial" tactics by Philip Murray and Reuther. But betting odds in the fight—first aftermath of the mauling left-wing unionists suffered in the convention—were all on the side of the now militantly anti-Communist CIO majority.

Organizationally no logical reason supported the separate existence of Farm Equipment, with a membership among agricultural-implement workers smaller than the UAW's membership in the same field. The jurisdictions overlapped and the UAW, 14 times as large and with greater resources based primarily in automobile plants, was enormously stronger for the long pull. Farm Equipment leaders, predominantly left-wing, had been for years a thorn in Reuther's flesh. In 1947 they themselves proposed a merger plan, when Reuther's UAW leadership was not yet secure, which appeared to be planned to aid the political position of the anti-Reuther wing then led by George Addes.

Extraordinary contradictions have sprung up in the course of bitter UAW-FE wrangling. Recently in Iowa pro-FE leaflets appeared quoting 10-year-old Chicago *Tribune* attacks on Reuther as a "Communist." Unsigned leaflets were circulated, pointing out that Murray and other United Steelworker officers had not signed Taft-Hartley non-Communist affidavits. (Murray has refused to sign as a matter of principle. FE officers signed, after some resignations, when the FE lost jurisdiction to the UAW among 16,000 tractor-plant workers in Peoria.)

FE President Grant W. Oakes bravely insists that his members are masters of their own destiny and will decide "in a democratic manner" what to do about the CIO board's ultimatum. The FE's leaders insist that the union's contracts are better for its members than the UAW's contracts in farm-implement plants. No action can be taken, Oakes says, until the FE's board meets around December 15, and proposals are being made for a delay until the union convention next March.

But Murray's indignation at left-wingers who defied CIO majority policy to support Wallace has become increasingly intense, and signs are strong that left-wing leadership will be attacked with all the power at the majority's command. CIO chieftains generally—spurred by Murray—are determined that the sources of jurisdictional wars between unions must be eliminated, by coercive measures if necessary. Murray is appealing to rank-and-filers over the heads of the FE leadership—an unprecedented step. A committee of three anti-Communist CIO leaders was appointed to "watchdog" progress on the merger ultimatum. If no action has resulted before the next CIO board meeting, on January 26, it is probable that even more stringent measures will be adopted.

WILLARD SHELTON

ALL OUT OF STEP BUT HUGH

Republican National Chairman Hugh Scott Jr. has taken hundreds of words, in a letter addressed to 22,000 GOP leaders throughout the country, to disclose that he learned nothing

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at all from the election. In his view the voters simply were wrong and will have to suffer until they see the error of their ways and return to Republican rule.

There are many members of his party who do not agree with his interpretation, but until Chairman Scott is deposed, he must be presumed to reflect the GOP's official plans for the future. As of now, the line of candidates for Scott's job is not long. Individual Republicans, in and out of office, are loaded with ideas on what ought to be done to the party. But no group has come up which appears willing and able to take over the Republican National Committee and the national GOP machinery. Scott probably will keep his job by default.

Elder statesmen of both the GOP Right and Left in Washington have shied away from reform within the party—the Right because it sees no more need for a change now than it ever did, the Left because it sees no chance of achieving the kind of unity the young reformers dream of.

Senator Taft, the grand old diehard, is quietly touring Europe and keeping his political plans to himself. His friends believe that, if there is any possibility of strong opposition to his choice, Taft will not even try for the minority leadership of the Senate, but will content himself with his former position on the Republican Policy Committee.

And there seems to be no question that he will be opposed. The so-called "liberal" Republicans in the Senate cannot agree on very many things, but they are unanimous in their opposition to Taft's leadership. This liberal wing has been under pressure from the more progressive elements in the party to select a leader for themselves. That has proved impossible. The gulf between such "liberal" Senators as Knowland (Calif.) and Lodge (Mass.) on the one hand, and Wayne Morse (Ore.) on the other, is, in point of voting record, as wide as that between Taft and Morse. On the most recent *New Republic* voting chart covering fifteen key issues, Senators Taft, Knowland and Lodge received the same score—ten wrong votes and five right votes each.

For lack of agreement on either the extreme Right or the extreme Left, those who call themselves "moderates" in the GOP expect to assume the leadership. Senator Millikin (R, Colo.), who scored only two right votes to thirteen wrong votes on the *New Republic* chart, is trying, with the help of friendly Washington newspapermen, to pass himself off as such a "moderate," compromise choice for the majority leadership.

Unless a new force arises in the party by the time of the National Committee meeting scheduled for January, the GOP is likely just to divide into two warring camps, the "liberals" yelling at the reactionaries, and the conservatives—men like Colonel McCormick, Joe Martin and Charlie Halleck—berating Dewey for running a "me too" campaign. In that case, Truman's way would be easier.

HIGH COTTON

Almost unnoticed, California has become one of the big cotton states. Cotton acreage has been jumping during and since the war. Now California ranks fifth among the cotton states of the nation. Its cotton this year will be worth $200 million, even surpassing oranges and other citrus fruits as the single biggest-money crop.

All the cotton has been grown in California's great interior valley, the San Joaquin—200 miles wide and several hundred long, walled in on one side by the Sierras and on the other by the coast range. Much of it is being raised on dry "alkali land" where a few years ago only jackrabbits, coyotes and a few sheep roamed. With water the soil blossoms, grows cotton, wheat, rye, melons, vegetables.

But water is expensive. It demands wells and irrigation systems costing tens of thousands of dollars. Large-scale farming is the rule. Eight thousand acres is referred to as "a small big ranch." Some farms run to 40,000 acres. Large acreage demands capital. But capital invested in it pays off so well that big farmers hire corps of tax experts and accountants to handle their financial problems.

The success with cotton has brought prosperity not only to the men who sink $35,000 wells on property that formerly no one wanted. The Southern Pacific, still owning much of the land that it acquired in the early railroad building days when it was granted every other section along its right of way, is cutting in on the bonanza. It leases its land and takes one cotton bale in every eight raised by the farmer. There are now 166 gins along the valley where the cotton is grown, and it is not uncommon for big cotton men to have their own airplanes for transportation over the wide flat stretches of the valley. There are seven cottonseed-oil mills, all new. Estimated cotton crop for this year: nearly one million bales.

California has the soil, and it has cotton pickers ready at hand—the army of seasonal labor already roaming the state's highways for other types of agricultural work. Formerly they were the Okies and Arkies and the relief clients. Today they are settled in small houses and often small farms of their own, which they use as bases for their operations, following the crops in automobiles and trailers. Cotton will need 90,000 pickers this year. An average experienced worker is said to be able to make about $12 a day, and a skilled man as much as $20.

Except for the picking and cotton chopping, the work on the big farms is highly mechanized. Cultivation, land leveling, ditch digging, delivering, are all done with machines. So California seems to be able to produce a richly profitable cotton industry without depending upon the low-paid and impoverished hand labor of the South. Naturally, the wages paid were not given without fights. And there will be more fights as the cotton crop increases. There will be difficulties, because neither cotton nor other seasonal crops can assure an agricultural worker of a steady year's work.

The unusual drought in the San Joaquin Valley last year, for instance,

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hurried the cotton crop. It was all picked by mid-December, and most of the workers had nothing else to do until the cotton-chopping season began in May. This year again seems to be a dry one. Government investigators have predicted that if cotton pickers have to go through another three to four-month gap in work, many of them will be forced to apply for relief.

For another thing the old Farm Security Camps had to be sold when that federal program was nipped. Formerly, up to 18,000 persons on the west side of the valley, where most of the cotton is grown, could live in these camps during the peak of the harvest period. Today, under private operation, rents in the camps which have kept open are as much as $36 a month for a single small hut with wood walls and a sheet-metal roof. High maintenance costs are to blame. The growers who have leased some of these camps on a group basis have no firm assurance as to how long they can keep them.

However, the big farmers who "risk" their funds or borrow from the banks to plant thousands of acres of cotton have guarantees in the form of government-supported cotton prices. They know they can get no lower price than parity. Hence their risk is limited. But they're unhappy over income taxes. One rancher who had clawed 8,000 acres out of the powdery desert complained that although he had a $1.5 million gross, he had to borrow money from the banks to pay off his seasonal labor. "Why?" said he. "Because I have to pay the taxes right off the bat and it doesn't leave me enough operating capital."

For everyone except the farm worker, it is "high cotton" in California.

ROBIN KINKEAD

THE CIO LOOKS AT DIXIE

ATLANTA (NR correspondent)

The South may have some strikes next year like those of the early thirties. At its convention in Portland, Oregon, the CIO set aside a million dollars for organizing below the Ohio, a decision which caused a general outbreak of indigestion, high blood pressure and spots before the eyes, among Southern textile mill owners in particular.

The Southern textile industry has not been fruitful so far for the CIO because (1) mill hands in that part of the country have been prejudiced against labor unions generally and the CIO particularly; (2) they were bought off by "voluntary" wage raises above union demands, which boom conditions made possible; and (3) the AFL has worked adroitly in the field.

But the situation is changing. Boom times have passed; many mills that operated two and even three shifts are now running only 30 hours a week, and more "voluntary" raises are unlikely. The CIO expects to profit by that.

BACK TO THE WAGNER ACT

Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin and his Department are interpreting the November mandate to mean that they should do everything possible to wipe out anti-labor legislation wherever it exists, not merely to remove the Taft-Hartley Act from the federal statute books. The annual State Labor Legislative Conference which has just met in Washington turned out to be an organizing rally preliminary to a campaign to change state labor laws, which organized labor considers discriminatory, in about 40 states. At this fifteenth session of the conference, which was originated by Frances Perkins, officials of state labor departments and state union leaders spent three days laying strategy to make America legally safe again for organized labor.

Opinion was unanimous that Taft-Hartley should and probably would be repealed and the old Wagner Act provisions restored to operation. The big job, as these labor men see it, is actually in the 44 state legislatures which will meet in January. At least 40 states now have local "anti-union" laws.

Since 1946, 34 states have put new anti-labor laws on their books: anti-closed-shop or anti-union-shop provisions; restrictions on the check-off and on union picketing; requirements for compulsory arbitration and "cooling-off" periods and the like. Neither the state labor officials who attended the conference nor Truman's Department of Labor will rest easy until these laws have been repealed.

Then, the labor spokesmen will turn to enacting some positive measures: stronger workingmen's-compensation laws, stronger state departments of labor, higher minimum-wage levels (new wage-and-hour laws in 22 states are one labor objective).

BOWLES IN '52

At least one Democrat is wasting no time in starting his run for the presidency in 1952. Chester Bowles, the newly elected Governor of Connecticut, undoubtedly has been thinking about the White House since he first dipped his toes in the political water as director of the OPA. Now, with his greatly enhanced prestige, he is ready to move toward that goal.

The Democratic state chairman of Connecticut, John M. Bailey, will be the general of the four-year campaign ahead. The young and able Bailey has done a remarkable job of building a winning Democratic combination in Connecticut in the short time he has headed the state party organization. He and Bowles are confident that he can now duplicate this accomplishment nationally.

The official report of contributions to the Bowles-for-Governor Clubs shows that labor unions contributed a very large share. The biggest contribution—$15,600—came from the CIO Textile Workers' Union. The United Steel Workers and the United Auto Workers chipped in $5,000 each. The AFL and independent Machinists locals were also well represented on the contributing list. Bowles has a head start over potential presidential candidates in the competition for labor votes.

The Governor-elect and his manager-to-be understand what they have to gain by making a record for good government in the next two years. Re-

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election in 1950 is an important part of the plan. Chester Bowles is already pulling in able men from Connecticut's colleges and universities to help him improve the state government machinery. Chairman Bailey has pledged that appointments in the new administration will be on the basis of ability, not patronage.

Bowles will serve his state well, while keeping his eye on the White House.

NEW PROFIT PEAK

With record-breaking profits during the third quarter this year, industry may have a difficult time convincing the 81st Congress that corporate income taxes shouldn't be raised, that price controls would mean bankruptcy, that Taft-Hartley is the only way to keep labor in hand. The Federal Reserve Board disclosed last week a survey of 629 big corporations which showed a new peak of $1,178 million in net profits, after taxes—$77 million above those reached in the second quarter.

The iron, steel and automobile industries reported the largest increases, according to the Board report. Iron and steel earnings climbed from $110 million in the second quarter to $150 million. Automobile profits hit $163 million—$12 million above the second quarter. The report revealed that profit records were also broken by other durable goods, industrial chemicals and numerous non-durable goods. Durable goods rose $7 million; industrial chemicals, $5 million; and non-durable goods, $7 million.

The Board's report serves as a preview of the new congressional investigation into the unprecedented rise of industrial profits. Seven members of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, which during the next year may become one of the most active bodies on Capitol Hill, are opening hearings this week in an attempt to get full information on corporate profits before the 81st Congress swings into legislative action on such measures as anti-trust laws, taxes, economic controls and labor legislation.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

Ruined Berlin was a ghost city one day last week; low-hanging thick fog made its broken buildings the monuments of a huge cemetery. Some thousands of Berliners shuffling through the streets of the Soviet sector, shivering in the wet cold, could scarcely see where they were going. Men in uniform guided them to the Bebelplatz, where orators announced the dawn of a new and brighter day.

The fog was so thick that only 10 airlift planes could get through; the pilots had to be "talked down" by ground control. In the Stadthaus, where lights burned brightly, there was another variety of control: obedient to the wishes of Soviet Marshal Sokolovsky, Communists met as an "extraordinary City Assembly," dismissed officials elected by the free vote of all four sectors of the city, replaced them by pro-Communists. In keeping with the ghostly unreality of the day, the Communists chose as the new "mayor" Friedrich Ebert, son of the first President of the Weimar Republic.

The meaning of the procedure was plain to General Clay and his British and French colleagues: the Russians were making formal and final the West-East split of Berlin. The reason also was plain: the Russians, afraid that forthcoming free elections in the Western sectors would show overwhelming anti-Communist sentiment, were blocking by a *fait accompli* of force the freely expressed will of the people.

It is typical of the Russian practice of playing two contrary games at the same time that they should have chosen, for an act which Clay properly calls illegal, almost the very moment when Andrei Vishinsky was agreeing in principle to the most recent compromise proposal made by Juan Bramuglia, retiring president of the UN Security Council. Previously, the Russians had balked at taking any part in the compromise negotiations in Paris on the ground that any intervention of the UN in the Berlin question was illegal. But now, to cover their own unmistakable illegality and to keep alive the propaganda argument that they, not we, are seeking conciliation, they are willing to go along with the West's "illegality."

This juggling of the concept of legality is central to Soviet tactics, as is shown by the most recently available issue of *New Times*, the official weekly of the Moscow Politburo. Here it is argued that the Berlin crisis was created by the London conference of the Western Powers in February because the conference itself was "a violation of the Control Machinery in Germany and of the Potsdam Agreement which provides for the treatment of Germany as a single unit."

"The fact is," says *New Times*, "that the Berlin question has arisen exclusively owing to the separate policy of the Western Powers. Were it not for the London decisions and their disastrous consequences, no Berlin question would have existed. . . . There was no Berlin question until the Western Powers decided to introduce their own separate currency into the Western sectors of Berlin. This incredible act could not but evoke answering measures on the part of the Soviet Administration to protect the economy of Eastern Germany and the vital interests of its population. The Soviet Administration introduced such restrictions on transport communication between Berlin and the Western part of Germany as the situation rendered essential."

This is the heart of the Soviet argument. But it does not touch the fact that the Western Powers met in London only because Moscow had shown that to it German unity means Soviet-

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German unity; and there was nothing in Potsdam or any other agreement that forbade the Western Powers from consulting among themselves.

One lesson of last week's Soviet Diktat in Berlin is not new: legality and morality are flexible, if not totally meaningless, words in Moscow's jargon; power and convenience and expediency are the key words with meaning. There is, however, another lesson: to invoke Potsdam is to flog a dead horse. And the past in the West's relationship with the East—from the wartime alliance to the postwar agreements—is no longer a guide to the future, for the Russians will "interpret" all agreements as justifying their taking what they want when and how they want.

The Berlin Diktat is the end of a phase in West-East relations in regard to the Berlin situation; it can be the start of a new phase in relations on not only the Berlin situation but on Germany, Europe and the world. General Clay has said that there is no aspect of the Berlin situation with which he cannot cope. But the point is that the situation in the former German capital is by now part of a much larger one with which neither he nor any other military proconsul can or should be called upon to cope.

The time has come for a new approach to West-East relations, based not on worrying old bones but on a common denominator of the desirable and the possible. Whether or not Secretary Marshall intends to resign, the time has come to recognize that our present methods have reached a dead end. We need a showdown, but not the one that could be accomplished by a soldier, however able, or by arms-minded men.

Only new men can make the new approach, only men who speak for the Americans who elected President Truman, only men who speak for labor as well as industry, for the great masses of peace-loving liberals as well as for the "elites" of the State Department and the Pentagon. And for a start, Supreme Court Justice Vinson should make the trip to Moscow. The arguments against the journey no longer stand up. Nothing can be lost by it; much can be gained.

★

A new Europe, to be made by new methods, is no longer entirely a visionary's dream, an impossible utopia. On the contrary, it's a goal that is slowly but surely being brought into the realm of practical politics.

From Paris the news in recent days hasn't all been of French doubts and UN indecisions. There have been signs that highly placed men of a half-dozen European nationalities refuse to resign themselves to the permanency of the West-East split. Of course, the Russians are difficult, their methods (as

in Berlin) are inexcusable, but as for goals, the rights and the wrongs are pretty mixed on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The highly placed men don't all sit in judgment; they merely believe that Europe lies both East and West, that a start toward unity can be made.

For example, Duncan Sandys, chairman of the executive board of the United Europe Movement, announced at an Anglo-American press luncheon the launching of an "E for Europe" campaign comparable to the wartime "V for victory" drive. He's a son-in-law of Churchill and a rightist.

But André Philip, who is much further over to the Left—he's a leading Socialist and hero of the Resistance—appealed to the French National Assembly to keep its concern over Germany's future within the framework of a united Europe concept. He called for the creation of an "international third force" of a quarter of a billion European moderates opposed equally to the totalitarianisms of the Right and Left.

Pierre Henri Teitgen, another Resistance hero, who served in General Charles de Gaulle's cabinet but now speaks for the left-of-center MRP, provided a new slogan for the all-Europe idea. "France," he said, "is my fatherland. Europe is my country."

There was even better news from Paris for supporters of action leading toward some sort of European political union: apparently there has been a shift in official French and British attitudes toward the concept of a "European parliament." In the past, all-out federationists have wanted an assembly or parliament with power to adopt legislation binding on all nations. At this the British balked, proposing instead a kind of council made up of high-level cabinet members representing the various governments.

Last week a compromise scheme worked out by the French was adopted at the meeting of the consultative council of the Brussels Pact nations, presided over by the veteran Edouard Herriot. There are to be both a consultative parliament and a council that will work on the diplomatic level.

Although this agreement is of course the most important development, Teitgen's formula suggests the most encouraging trend, at least from the point of view of stimulating popular support for union. Old-fashioned die-hard nationalism has been one of the most harmful elements in European politics; and the rise of the new "internationalism" of Russia and America has in some ways made matters worse. Many Europeans, still nationalists, are bitter and hopeless. If Europe itself can be their nation, can give them a chance to be proud and hopeful once more, there will be a way out for them, and for all men who want self-respect, dignity and freedom.

★

Sir Stafford Cripps is going to Paris and he's heading for trouble. The French have always been too individualistic to be admirers of the national teamplay that makes the British accept austerity. And now austerity itself is getting under French skins—literally.

Since before the war Britain has had an adverse trade balance with the Continent amounting in some years to $600 million. The French had expected it to be cut to perhaps $250 million. But the British, keeping a tight grip on their belts, now plan a $49 million surplus by 1952.

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So the French complain that British austerity isn't fair to them—the French. It's all very well for the British, who don't care about food anyway, to keep on living on starvation rations, but unless they buy some French luxury items the French, who *do* care about food, will have to stick to short rations. And the most grotesque unfairness of all is to send Sir Stafford to Paris to negotiate these delicate matters: he's a vegetarian.

★

Costa Rica's capital, San José, seemed once more a city of peace. But the foreign diplomats who received President Jose Figueres' invitation to a ceremony of unexplained purpose weren't so sure. After all, the man had come to power through civil war, the ceremony was to take place at the Bellavista Fortress, and these days in Latin America all displays were apt to be martial.

The ceremony produced a bombshell, all right, but not the sort the diplomats might have expected. Colonel Edgar Cardona, War Minister, walked up to the ancient stone wall around the bastion, lifted a sledgehammer, and broke a stone. That, President Figueres explained, was a symbol. Henceforth the fortress was to be a museum; indeed, the nation's army was disbanded. Costa Rica was to be a democratic nation of peace, with more schoolteachers than soldiers.

The diplomats, whose job it is to talk about peace, were left speechless.

★

In India last week a monument was erected to the memory of a man, now dead, who had spent most of his life trying to lift a centuries-old curse from 40 million human beings. The monument wasn't of stone or anything you can touch or even see, yet it was of the stuff that can endure forever.

The Constituent Assembly finally approved a clause in the new constitution, forbidding the practice in any form of "untouchability." Thus millions who had been pariahs became human.

Victory to Gandhi! P. W.

A DUCK CROSSES MAIN STREET

—That's news for American newsreel cameras, which focus mainly on wars, monkeys, volcanoes and pretty girls

by Siegfried Kracauer & Joseph Lyford

IT HAPPENS at least once to every commuter. Cyrus Fairweather misses the 5:31 and walks into the newsreel theatre in New York's Grand Central Station to while away an hour before the next train. He also has a vague idea that he might catch up on what is happening around the world, but as he settles back in his seat, what does he see and hear for his forty cents?

Kettledrums; a Voice of Doom; grinning, bearded Greeks firing a cannon at what looks like a mountain. According to the commentator, aggression is being stopped as Time Marches On in Greece.

There follows the up-to-the-minute news.

The battleship *New Jersey* is deactivated as granite-faced admirals salute and a boatswain's mate dramatically turns off the ship's ventilation system;

Somewhere in the USA, a duck crosses Main Street;

A French wrestler, weight 276, grapples with a Belgian with a long, black beard;

Secretary of the Treasury Snyder signs a check for $7.5 billion;

Girls in bathing suits dive from towers; girls in bathing suits parade before solemn judges; French girls in French bathing suits coyly assume sidewise poses for the prudish American cameras, while American girls in American bathing suits put on skis and fall down in the snow.

"The ski's the limit," cries the commentator, and Fairweather looks at his watch. His time is up, and he starts off for his train, his ears still buzzing from the assorted squawks and explosions and his eyes watering from the quick shifting of scenes.

As he emerges from the theatre, Fairweather is so little impressed by what he has seen that he immediately wonders what Mrs. F. is having for dinner.

Like thousands of other Americans Fairweather thinks of newsreel theatres as convenient places to wait for trains, get out of the rain, or cool off in air-conditioned comfort. The customer who really expects to see news in the newsreels is a naïve character.

The average moviegoer is so accustomed to bathing beauties, monkeys, baseball games, politicians, etc., that he would probably be mystified by a newsreel which attempted to give him fifty minutes of significant current events. Since he raises no effective objection to the status quo, the newsreel producers are content to let things ride.

The result of this apathy has been to perpetuate a newsreel format that hasn't changed appreciably in the past twenty years. The same old subjects are given the same old treatment. In covering horse races, animals at the zoo, speeches, etc., the photographic techniques used by five major newsreel companies (20th Century-Fox Movietone, Warner-Pathé, Paramount, Universal, Hearst-M-G-M News of the Day) are as predictable as the days of the week.

As for authenticity, some newsreels are almost as phony as the old staged photographs of the sinking of the *Maine* in 1898, which were shown in the nickelodeons.

However, to attack the newsreel on artistic grounds, or as an agency for disseminating important news, is like hitting a man when he's down. Even

To examine American newsreels from both the American and Continental points of view, Joseph Lyford, former New Republic *staff member, collaborated with Siegfried Kracauer, well-known European editor and author of* From Caligari to Hitler.

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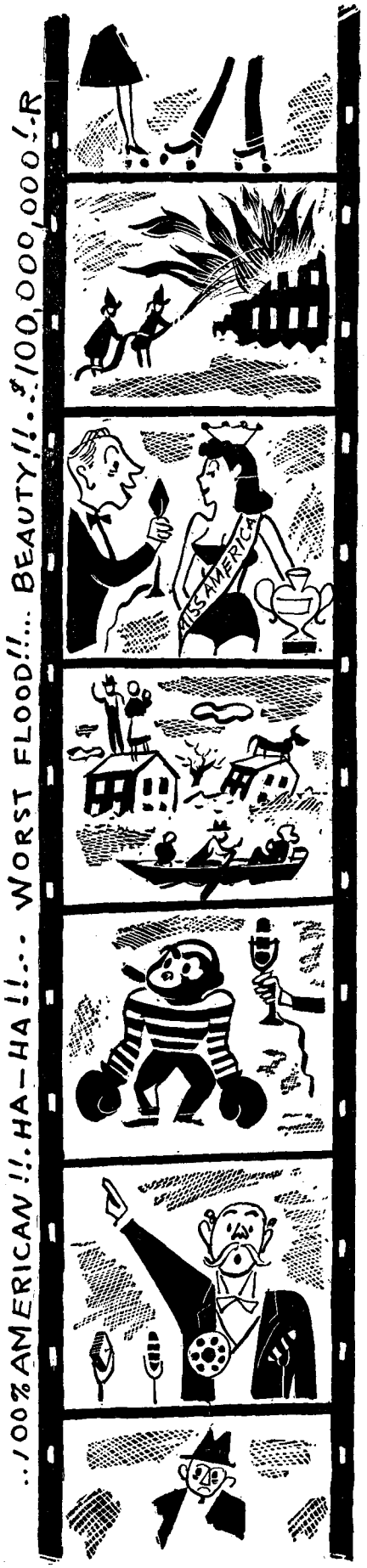

DRAWINGS BY NEUWIRTH

the men who make them are far from proud of what they turn out. Their attitude is deprecating, and, instead of plugging their product, they go into long explanations of why it is no better.

Problem number one is money. None of the newsreel companies makes more than a moderate return on its investment; at times they show a loss, which must be absorbed by the parent company in Hollywood. Unlike newspapers, they have no advertising revenue, and the cost of taking pictures, developing negatives, making prints, etc., is high.

A second big problem is the difficulty of getting hold of enough spectacular or important news week after week. One harassed producer complains: "The *Daily News* can't always be bright with a good sex murder; the *Times* can't always be bright with an international situation; and so how in hell can you expect us to be bright every time some chump sits down in front of a camera and opens his mouth?"

Even if important news stories broke every day, limited budgets would make adequate coverage impossible. Most of the companies operate on a "stringer"-correspondent basis. Although they pay a few men a regular salary to obtain material, most of the work is done by stringers, who are paid small fees. This reliance on half-time correspondents gets half-time results.

In faraway places like China and Japan, the newsreels use a "pool" arrangement under which one cameraman works for several companies. This is a cheap way of getting film, but it discourages thorough and imaginative reporting. Another example of pooling is the non-competitive way in which representatives of the major newsreel companies often cover a single big assignment, such as a national convention. The cameramen travel in a tightly knit group, shoot the same stuff, and look with a fishy eye at colleagues who attempt to get exclusive stories.

A talk with a newsreel editor is roughly analogous to picking up an empty vase which you expected to be full; it throws you slightly off balance. The editors, conscious of the shortcomings of their output, add criticism of their own to the general uproar. For example, Newton Meltzer of Telenews admits that the commentary is much too verbose, and hopes that American newsreels will learn to emulate the European films' terse, reserved treatment.

Fox Movietone's Dan Daugherty, a red-headed newsreel veteran, faces criticism with equanimity. "We have made billions of mistakes," he agrees, "but when we do a good job, nobody notices. For instance, we told the public about Hitler, Mussolini and the rest of their gang—filmed thousands of feet of their speeches, parades, planes and guns—but almost nobody believed us. What the hell? You show some people the truth, and they close their eyes. But if you miss something, that's different."

Two outstanding critics of the newsreels are Bosley Crowther of the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune's* John Crosby. M. D. Clofine, editor of Hearst-M-G-M's News of the Day, blames the term "newsreel" for many of their adverse comments.

"What the critics don't see is that the newsreel has got to be more than just a documentary. As part of a theatre program it has two functions—to inform and to amuse. Since the entertainment factor has to enter our calculations, we often use light subjects in preference to a 'significant' piece of news that is pictorially dull."

Clofine also points out that the scope of the newsreel is limited by the requirements of the individual theatre exhibitor, who, after all, is in business to make money. Since the main features are the most important revenue-producers on his program, he allots most of his budget to them; the result is that when the exhibitor gets around to the newsreel he has very little left to spend. This simple economic fact explains why the newsreels are not as elaborate or as exhaustive

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as they might be. The producers cannot afford it.

Economic and technical difficulties may explain many of the newsreels' weaknesses, but not their editorial shortcomings. Newsreel material about world affairs, for instance, follows a singularly conventional course and, in most cases, industriously beats the drum for US foreign policy (Palestine is a possible exception).

The films are saturated with anti-Communist and pro-military propaganda. When Cardinal Spellman and President Truman spoke on St. Patrick's Day, it was the anti-Communist portions of their addresses that were singled out for screening. Extensive shots of army maneuvers, diving planes, smoking rockets and General MacArthur reviewing his troops in Japan are screened while sound tracks blare do-or-die college marching songs.

On the home front, the newsreels frequently make no bones about being partisan. Labor conflicts are usually treated with ill-concealed bias. During the soft-coal strike last year, elaborate shots of abandoned mines and joking, idle miners invited moviegoers to ponder the destructive effects of the shutdown. The cameras did not go into the miners' side of the story. The newsreels' way of treating the packinghouse workers' strike was to give prominence to signs in butcher shops proclaiming the rising cost of meat. Occasionally, however, impartiality is shown. Telenews' coverage of the Wall Street strike was fair to both sides, and also told the story in an interesting way.

There is little doubt that US newsreels distort current political events. Yet these distortions would do little harm if it were not for the newsreels' tendency to blunt the audience's critical faculties.

First, there is too much chatter. Newsreel audiences are spoonfed a constant stream of words, wisecracks and loaded phrases. These are spoken in overemphasized tones of seriousness, despair, triumph or happiness that only the worst ham actor would dare to employ on the stage. Not only is it corny; it is much too long. The comment in American newsreels takes up 80 percent of the screening time, while many of the European reels restrict commentary to a third as much footage.

Again, American newsreel sequences almost always alternate between disaster (floods, fires) and fun (gorilla eats birthday cake). The emotions of the newsreel fan are made to bob up and down like a yo-yo, and the effect of this jerky, kaleidoscopic attack on his eyes and ears is to induce a state of near brain paralysis. When he finally emerges from the theatre, his memory is a hodgepodge of noises, faces, catastrophes and shifting backgrounds.

At least one major newsreel company, Telenews, is showing that new techniques can be evolved. In its short existence, Telenews has emphasized the "trend" approach to significant news stories, featuring intelligent interpretation of the scenes it records.

An excellent example of Telenews' reporting was its treatment of the Supreme Court decision invalidating restrictive covenants. The sequence opened with shots of men picketing the White House in protest against Negro segregation in the Army. Then came footage contrasting white and Negro housing in such cities as New York and Washington, D. C. The narrator interviewed the Negro family which brought the case to the Supreme Court. The disputed portion of the covenant itself was enlarged on the screen, while a background voice slowly quoted that section of the Fourteenth Amendment which played a crucial part in the court decision. This was superb reporting—thorough, convincing and original.

Sloppiness, distortion and bias are probably unintentional on the part of the newsreel makers. They may play up or omit certain topics for political reasons, but it would be preposterous to assume that they select and manipulate their material with a view to stupefying their audience. They seem to be indolent rather than totalitarian-minded.

There is no valid reason why US newsreel companies should not try to develop patterns that challenge the intellect instead of blunting it. The newsreel need not be as bad as it is. The eternal mixture of disasters and silly jokes is not unavoidable, and even sports events can be depicted in a less stereotyped way.

But the most urgently needed reform is in structure. Commentary should be limited to essential supplementary information, while the pictures tell the actual story. The audience then would be in a position to digest material that now scarcely reaches its senses.

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ASIA'S OLD ORDER CRUMBLES

Fanned by mistakes of European die-hards, the flames of Communist violence sweep through Southeast Asia

by Walter L. Briggs

HONG KONG

THE FLAMES of Communist violence are licking at the dry kindling of human misery throughout Southeast Asia. Relatively quiescent until this spring, they have since become open fires in Burma and Malaya; and they seem gradually to be catching on in Indonesia, Siam and Indo-China.

Communist agitation increased here just after the USSR lost the French and Italian elections and the Marshall Plan began to become a reality in Europe. Western European agents have uncovered—or at least made public—no over-all directive from the Kremlin for Communists in Southeast Asia. Nevertheless, several agents have told me that a plot was hatched in Calcutta last February. Delegates from many countries, including Russia, attended an eight-day congress of the Indian Communist Party. At the same time, a Red-front Southeast Asia Youth Conference was meeting in the Indian metropolis. And it is charged that the congress issued the order to attack in Burma.

Burmese Premier Thakin Nu stated that the Burmese Communist Party was obeying a "26-page typescript brought back from India." He said this called for "a more vigorous campaign to incite strikes and to create unrest in Burma so that ultimately the Communists could wrest power by force."

Suave, Cambridge-educated U Tin Tut, Burma's Foreign Minister, who later was murdered, wrote in his personal organ, the *New Times* of Burma: "The synchronizing of Communist turbulence in India, Burma and elsewhere [in Asia] suggests . . . that the events in Burma are part of the concerted efforts of the Communist world to dislocate governments in countries outside the Communist sphere of influence."

As long ago as November, 1947, Henry F. Grady, until recently United States Ambassador to India, warned the State Department that the Communists were warming up throughout Southeast Asia. Later, H. Merrell Benninghoff, former consul at Russian-held Darien, now deputy director of the State Department's Office of Far Eastern Affairs, broadcast bluntly that the Communists were "using devious and ruthless" methods to subvert the UN pacification effort in Indonesia.

During the Calcutta congress, the Nanking government warned the governments of Southeast Asia that the Communists were unifying their activities in order to start a general offensive before American aid could be used effectively in China. Malcolm MacDonald, British High Commissioner in Southeast Asia, broadcast from Singapore that the "directors of international communism" were turning eastward.

There are few Russians in Southeast Asia. The USSR recently opened a legation in Bangkok's modernistic Ratanakocindr Hotel. As far as foreign observers can learn, the staff has kept hands off Siamese affairs, contenting itself with publishing a propaganda bulletin. Another embassy is to be inaugurated soon in Rangoon. An occasional traveling trade commissioner and a few merchants complete the Soviet roll.

However, there are a number of Moscow-trained native Communists in the various Asian countries: Indo-China's President Ho and Indonesia's Tan Malaka and Alimin are examples. These men are usually intelligent, alert, forceful, and fanatically loyal to Moscow. For years many have held apparently insignificant posts and often have gone underground. Some other leaders have been schooled with the Chinese Communists, or in cells on native grounds.

Southeast Asia is a vast reservoir of materials needed to fight a modern war (as well as to attain comfortable living). Rubber, oil, tin and many other strategic materials flow to the United States and to the stockpiles of other Western countries. Their loss could create serious industrial dislocation—as the US found, for example, when its sources of rubber were captured by the Japanese during World War II. Russia apparently seeks to bring about such a loss, at least in part, and, if possible, to divert the raw materials to herself.

There is also reason to believe that the Russians may even hope to bring the countries of Southeast Asia under Soviet control. They would worm Communists into key positions, cause unrest, then have the local Communists use force to seize the governments.

While the Soviets have been carrying out their operations in Southeast Asia, the drive for nationalist independence throughout the continent has been intensifying. Spreading southward from China and eastward from India, this movement has grown in two decades to a mighty force. The Soviets have always sought to utilize this force.

Walter L. Briggs, former United Press war correspondent in China and India and author of many New Republic *articles, is now a free-lance reporter in the Orient.*

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Eighteen years ago, Stalin said of this great area that "the rise of a revolutionary movement . . . sometimes taking the form of a national war for liberation, cannot be doubted."

Now the Soviets see their chance. The peasants, factory workers and coolies of Malaya, Indo-China and Indonesia know little or nothing about communism. Nor do the masses in independent Siam and Burma. Ideology is for the few intellectuals. But the independence movements spring from the people's desire to hold up their heads as free men.

The Soviets are helped by the fact that the colonial French and Dutch sometimes confuse the issue. Their "statesmen" and business interests say that giving independence to the revolutionaries would be giving it to Communists. But if communism gains ground in Indo-China, and is emerging in Indonesia, much of the blame is that of the colonial powers. Neither France nor Holland has shown herself amenable to compromise. Their intransigence not only has caused stalemates between themselves and the native peoples; it has given Communist leaders a golden opportunity to make converts.

For Southeast Asia's masses who know little of the outside world, Great Britain and, more especially, the United States have greater significance than Russia. During the war, Allied soldiers helped rid them of the Japanese. America they respect for the speed with which we gave independence to the Philippines; and for our generosity, wealth and power. Britain, long criticized for her colonial record, has attained new stature with her relinquishment of India, Burma and Ceylon, and her efforts to guide Malaya toward self-rule.

This feeling is not unqualified admiration, however. The use of British troops after the war to force the French back into Indo-China and the Dutch into Indonesia, and the French and Dutch use of American arms have disappointed them. And they feel that America and Britain have been half-hearted about ridding them of their colonial rulers. Thus, if the Communists continue to gain power, they may be able to orient these countries toward Russia.

To consider a future course in Southeast Asia, we must examine briefly the development of both nationalism and communism in this area.

Indo-China: Viet Nam wants to represent the three coastal provinces —Tonkin, Annam and Cochin China. After fighting the Japanese as guerrillas (over the objections of the Vichy French), the Vietnamese have fought the French since Japan's surrender. Supported by the bulk of 18 million natives in the area involved, Viet Nam has contained the French Army—including several thousand ex-Nazi troops now in the Foreign Legion—in a few main cities and along a few main roads.

France's army here is costing French taxpayers (and American, indirectly, through our loans) the equivalent of $1 million daily, and her administrative expenses come to another fat sum, yet she is getting almost nothing back from Indo-China. France wants to reacquire the wealth in rice and other raw materials, plus trade, she once drew from her "balcony on the Pacific." Her colonial negotiators, however, refuse to talk compromise with President Ho; instead, they have established a series of puppet governments.

Ho's government has greatly stepped up literacy (under the French only one person in 10 could read and write); increased the production of foodstuffs, lessening the threat of famine for a people always living on the border of starvation; encouraged public health. Ho and several other leaders have been—and some apparently still are—loyal Stalinists.

Whatever the extent of communism, the vast majority of the Indo-Chinese are with Viet Nam. This includes most of the wealthy. There is every reason to believe, however, that if the French showed any serious signs of being willing to grant self-rule, the anti-Communists, who hold the purse strings, would vigorously fight Viet

DRAWINGS BY DON KINGMAN

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Nam communism. If French stubbornness persists, communism will grow.

Malaya: The British are sincerely trying to prepare the people of Malaya for self-rule. They recently broke the ground for representative government in Singapore and the Federation of Malaya. But Malaya could become another Palestine, another India. The indigenous Malays and the immigrant Chinese, almost equal numerically, distrust one another, each fearing that under independence the other would be guilty of repression.

The Communists shout for immediate independence and demand better living conditions for the population of six million. By their violently disruptive tactics, they thwart British efforts to improve conditions.

British authorities have armed themselves with strong police powers, including the death sentence for persons caught illegally carrying arms. They have sent Gurkha troops into the countryside. Yet terrorism continues, the death toll—of Briton and native alike—climbing daily.

Burma: This infant nation has been twice overrun by troops, once during the Japanese invasion, again during the Allied reconquest. Formerly flourishing towns were reduced to a few shacks. Their draft animals worked to death by the Japanese, many peasants could produce no rice. Widespread unemployment prevailed.

The Communists make matters worse. From their headquarters in the heart of central Burma, they badger the population over hundreds of square miles. Poverty has accelerated recruitment, with loot the incentive.

Premier Nu has announced a program apparently intended to lure moderates among the Communists to the government's side. Swinging Burma (which already has embarked on nationalization) far to the Left, this program would abolish capitalism, establish economic relations with Russia, assist labor to fight capital and permit the propagation of Marxism.

Siam: Historically independent, this comic-opera kingdom has escaped many of the pains of the colonial countries. France and Britain chewed off chunks in the nineteenth century, but their decision to regard Siam as a buffer between Burma and Indo-China saved much of her sovereignty.

Siam's native Communists are few and naïve. The country's only Communist member of Parliament, recently defeated in election, told me that his party's aim was "to achieve real democracy, just like in America." However, the oligarchy headed by vain little Field Marshal Luang Phibun Songgram worries about Chinese Communists within Siam's portals.

Siam is the seat of a recently organized Southeast Asia League, believed by some foreign observers to coördinate Communist intelligence in that region.

Indonesia: Claiming the rich islands of Java, Sumatra and Madura, the republic has striven since V-J Day to attain independence. Military conflicts seemed to have ended in November, 1946, when the republic and the Dutch signed the Linggadjati agreement. But when later negotiations failed to go their way, the Dutch violated the agreement and sallied forth on bloody "police action." The UN managed to halt most of the shooting, but has since experienced trouble getting the two parties to speak the same language. The Indonesians seek real independence. The Dutch want to control the republic's economy, defense and foreign affairs.

The Indonesian negotiators fear pressure from the rear. Left-wingers may be brought into a coalition government, and the Communists appear to be preparing to uncork violence which, irking the trigger-happy Dutch, may throw the islands into warfare again.

What can America do in Southeast Asia? First, we must help the natives attain greater economic security. In all five countries the peoples suffered during the war, and in all but Siam they continue to suffer. So long as colonial friction prevails in Indo-China and Indonesia, a regional shortage of rice will continue. These countries are asking for advisers on agriculture, social welfare, government structure and industry. They need government and private loans.

Second, we must remind the French and Dutch that compromise is necessary. We must convince them that they will reap few economic benefits from the old order. We must make them realize that peace is necessary both for the economic development of the entire region and to halt the growth of communism.

Third, besides effectively demonstrating that we stand for freedom, democracy and a full rice bowl, we must give the peoples of Southeast Asia books, educational films, lecturers, scholarships—the means of contrasting life in the Western democracies with that under the Soviets.

Finally, we should coördinate Allied planning and defenses, and increase our intelligence. For native governments which seek it, we should provide information about Communist techniques, and means of fighting them. The British already are coördinating their Southeast Asia planning, with special reference to the Communist menace.

While we fight communism in Europe, we should not forget the Asian manpower and wealth which could be turned against us. For our safety, as well as for the well-being of these millions, we must ensure that Southeast Asia stands firmly on our side.

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THE ISRAELIS AS CONQUERORS

To the Arabs under its rule, the new state's policy is discipline without coercion and generosity within limits

by J. L. Teller

THE ARABS' panicky flight last May, in the first flush of the invasion, drained Palestine of the bulk of her Arab population. Although the Israelis were reconciled to the fact of a large Arab bloc in their midst, they now feel relieved by the removal of this potential Sudeten population, egged on by the Mufti's own propagandists. Only 50,000 Arabs still remain in Israeli-ruled areas of Palestine. Half of these reside in Nazareth, whose prewar population was only 14,000. Jaffa and Acre hold 5,000 each, and the remainder are dispersed in towns and villages over a wide area.

Skirting the front-line areas under Israeli rule, you come again and again upon gutted structures and heaps of rubble. Only a mosque remains intact in a man-made devastation to mark what was once an Arab village. Every man, woman and child in Israel will give you an exact score sheet of Israeli limbs and lives exacted by snipers in each of these villages before they were subdued. Here and there, a village has been preserved untouched in all its pastoral serenity. This is a good village, you are told; it invited the Israeli authorities in.

Some villages are completely sealed off, traffic is diverted for miles around them, and their names are only whispered in the circles of the initiated. Here camp several thousand Arab allies of Israel, said to include men from Transjordan, Syria and Lebanon. They are rarely interviewed, never photographed, and go forth to battle with forged papers to prevent Arab retaliation against their families should they be captured. Some are fulfilling, in honorable tribal tradition, friendship pacts with Israeli villages. Some belong to clans engaged for generations in feuds with the several score families heading the Arab governments and the war against Israel. And some are obstinate peasants out to avenge the abominations committed against their villages by the forces of Fawsi el Kawakaji.

For the duration of the war, the Arab population in the cities has, for security reasons, been concentrated in special quarters. They are kept under strict surveillance, although there has been no trouble in the occupation zones. In Acre, where Arab forces put up stiff resistance, the young have fled or been interned, and only the old and infirm remain in the cobblestone market square and the tortuous streets whose dead-ends frame in the Mediterranean like a picture on a wall. In Nazareth, which surrendered without a shot, and in Jaffa, where entire blocks were razed in the house-to-house fighting along the Tel Aviv border, the population has an unusually high proportion of young people.

Strolling through Arab quarters, you find that little has changed in their ways and manners. The men still sit cross-legged in front of cafés, smoking narghilles, or with their attention fixed on oriental chessboards. They present a kaleidoscope of facial expressions—apathetic, despondent, sullen, obeisant. So they have been for centuries under the rule of unhappy aliens and of their own unregenerate political and religious tyrants. You see the same expressions in Cairo, Damascus and Beirut.

All day long they troop in long lines into the Israeli Military Governor's offices. Accustomed to paternalistic rule, they place before him their personal problems, vacillating between an obsequious readiness to accommodate and a morbid quickness to take offense. The patriarchal mold is breaking up and they are sadly puzzled by it. A delegation of the notables of Nazareth called on the Israeli Military Governor. They had learned, they said, that the laborers employed by the government to gather the harvest are paid 60 piasters ($1.80) a day,

The fourth in J. L. Teller's series of articles on Israel will describe the new state's capital, Hakirya, where "more languages are spoken than at an international airport."

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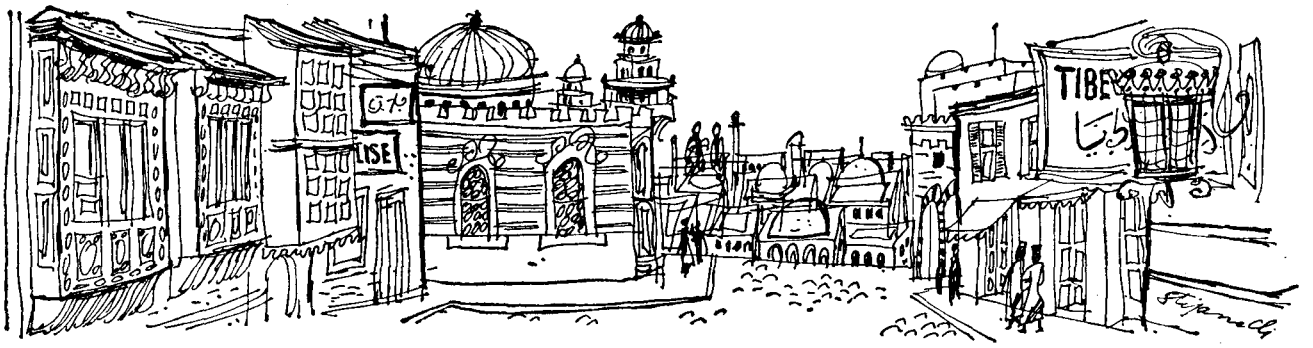

plus a percentage of their produce. Was the Governor aware that this is exactly twice what they were paid before the war? The Governor said he was. Now isn't that spoiling the rabble, they asked, and shouldn't effendis —Israeli and Arab—stick together?

And yet another thing, the spokesman for the delegation continued, when the young son of Effendi So-and-so had applied to the government for work, he was placed on a road-paving gang. Surely, that was an error. The Military Governor, "on leave" from a communal settlement, calmly replied that he was himself a manual laborer in civilian life—he spread out the palms of his calloused hands—and was itching to get back to his village, where there was much war damage to repair.

In Jaffa, the "shanty" Arab population has benefited with the Israelis as a result of the flight of the rich from their city. Stores and cafés whose Arab proprietors have fled are now managed by Jews and bear Hebrew signs. Israeli refugees from Jerusalem and DP's recently arrived have moved into vacant Arab houses. And poor Arabs have been removed from their hovels and holes-in-the-ground and set up in the commodious quarters of those who vanished in the exodus.

The not inconsiderable numbers of Arab unemployed worry Israel military officials. Unlike the universally accepted prototype of the brass hat, these citizen-soldiers do not believe in coercion. Clothe them, feed them and teach them, is their persistent request of the government on behalf of the Arabs. Elementary schools throughout Israel opened late this year because of the government's failure to provide a sufficient budget. The government-maintained Arab school, however, opened on schedule in Jaffa, thanks to pressure upon the government by the Military Governor.

The school in Jaffa is co-educational and attendance is free and non-compulsory. The poorest Arab families, who could never afford schooling for their children, now send them here, unconcerned that the accepted Moslem system of segregation has been abandoned. In Nazareth, the Military Governor has preserved segregation. The supervisor of the schools in the Jaffa area is Dr. Yaacov Ben-Zeev, internationally famed orientalist, author of books in Arabic and former lecturer at the University of Fuad I in Cairo, whose family has lived in Jerusalem for the past two centuries. He defends his non-segregation policy by arguing that it must be the Israelis' aim, while respecting Arab tradition, to introduce—not impose—reforms "that will remove the cataracts from Arabia's once beautiful eyes." This is the Israelis' major function in the Middle East, he insists.

The Israeli Military Government is aware of the delicate balance that must be maintained in its relations with the Arabs. The relationship should be disciplinary but not martinet, stern without rigidity, and generous within limits.

Two instances will illustrate the point:

Throughout the occupation areas, Israeli military authorities maintain cooperative stores where Arabs obtain essential commodities at the government's own purchasing price. In Jaffa it had been agreed with the Arab Emergency Committee which runs the store that needy persons—not to exceed 10 percent of the total population—would get these commodities free. The Arab Emergency Committee, however, placed 50 percent of the population on relief rolls, thus, Israeli authorities charge, encouraging indolence.

There was divided opinion among Israeli authorities about permitting the Arabs to own radio sets, which they could use to pick up enemy broadcasts. It was finally decided not to deprive them of their sets, with amazing consequences. The enemy broadcasters reported that Tel Aviv was a shambles. Jaffa Arabs, living within sight of Tel Aviv, turned off their radios in disgust.

By a strange quirk of circumstances, food and fruits are more varied and plentiful in occupied Jaffa than in free Tel Aviv. Jaffa served as a storage and shipping center for Arab exporters and importers, and when the rich fled, these stores were left behind. They now serve to supply the Israeli army and the local Arab consumers. Cars from Tel Aviv enter the out-of-bounds Arab district only by special permission, and are searched on departure by Israeli MP's to make certain that no foodstuffs are smuggled out.

Israeli Military Governors everywhere feel so secure that Arabs entering their offices are rarely, if ever, searched, and they have Arab sentries posted at the door, who, like all Arab policemen, have been issued truncheons but no firearms.

The more complex interrelationships between the population and the Israeli occupying authorities are determined by the proximity of the

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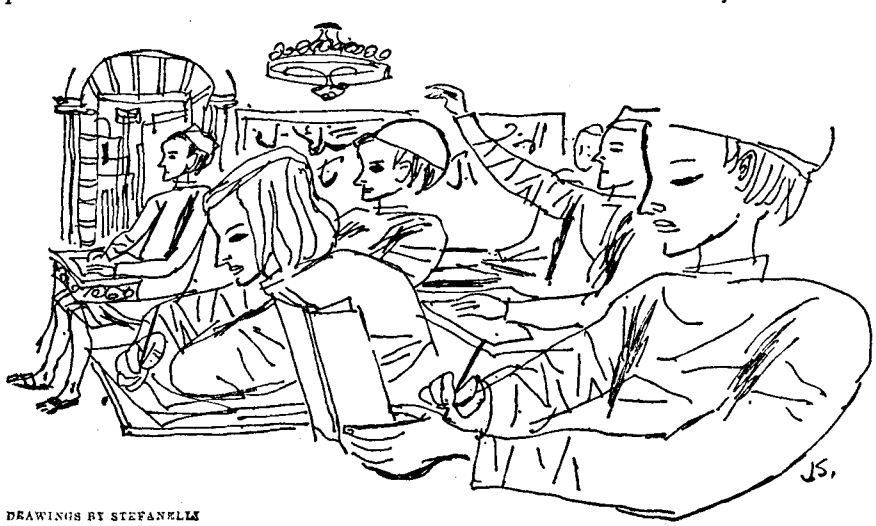
fighting lines. In Nazareth, near the northern front, Israeli authorities estimate that each week several hundred persons cross over secretly into Arab territory, but scores are apprehended trying to return. Former municipal officials who took refuge across the border in the early days of the war have been smuggling messages to the Israeli authorities in Nazareth asking to be reëmployed. Most officials who have stayed behind have been reinstated in their jobs, but when they appear jittery and pale in their offices of a morning it is because shooting had been closer than usual that night, or the radio had reported that the Israelis, under UN pressure, were ready to relinquish the city to Arab rule.

In Jaffa there is a greater feeling of confidence that the Israeli government has come to stay. The Arab prisoners of war move freely about town, 50 men accompanied by a single sentry, and not one attempt to escape has been reported. They are served their lunches in well-stocked cafés, and may order from a menu. The few wealthy Arabs who have stayed on look forward to business as usual. The Armenian merchants who have lived for years within the Arab community and, for security reasons, have been classed as Arabs by Israeli authorities, have now abandoned their camouflage and protest the designation. The Arab intelligentsia that has remained behind coöperates with the Jews. They are mostly Christians, and staff the schools and hospitals.

Everywhere, there are Arab Workers' Clubs sponsored by Histadrut. The premises, which formerly housed Jaffa's most exclusive Arab club—equipped with billiard rooms, a gymnasium, tennis courts and located on spacious grounds—are now its Workers' Club. There is a conflict within Histadrut over the lines on which these clubs should operate. The moderate Mapai wants them to be nonpolitical relaxation centers for Arab trade unionists, while leftist Mapam wants to indoctrinate them in socialist ideology. Mapam flirted with the Communist Arab Liberation League, which has since merged with the puerile (2,000 maximum membership) Israeli Communist Party. The Israeli government nurses misgivings about the League.

Among the prominent Arab labor leaders in Jaffa is Saliman Abou Goush, a former writer for the nationalist Arab newspaper, *Falastin*, a man of remarkable intellectual achievements and indefatigable curiosity. He is a graduate of the Hebrew high school, Herzliah, and was once a student of the Talmud at the famous rabbinical academy of the late Rabbi Cook, chief rabbi of Palestine. The Abou Goush family is prominent in the Arab feudal hierarchy and has always been on extremely good terms with the Jews. The head of its Jerusalem branch was a member of the Sternists (Fighters for the Freedom of Israel). When Israeli police scoured the country for Sternists after the Bernadotte assassination, they flushed out



two who had been given sanctuary in the Abou Goush village.

In spite of the surface friendliness, one senses a mutual embarrassment, a sly distrust among the Arabs and an alert wariness among the Israelis in all relations between Israeli authorities and Arab spokesmen, which will persist so long as the hostilities last. The Jaffa hospital, housing Arab prisoners of war, is located in spacious grounds, in sanitary buildings, all windows facing the ocean. We were shown around by the chief surgeon, an Arab with a striking resemblance to Basil Rathbone. His amiability was tinged with irony. His assistant, an Arab matron, complained to me, within hearing of Israeli officers, that now the Israelis have occupied many of Jaffa's residences, the Arab refugees will have nothing to return to. "If only our prisoners were treated half as well in Amman," Dr. Ben-Zeev told me.

The top-level men in the Israeli Military Government are unhappy about the task of occupation. One of them told me: "It is psychologically extremely difficult for Jews to keep another people under guard because we have been kept under surveillance too long ourselves."

DRAWINGS BY STEFANELLI

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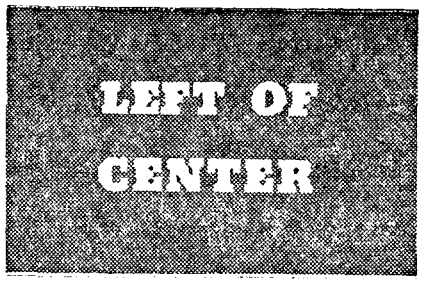

LIBERALISM, after five straight presidential victories for the Democrats, is still an orphan in the Republican Party family. Young Willkieites, counting on a GOP victory, expected to be a liberalizing influence on a new party in power. Now they find themselves on the outside as usual, but fundamentally in agreement with the Truman program, in disagreement with the Republican program, and wondering why they continue with the present party label.

Some of the younger men are speaking up for party reorganization. Addressing the Young Republican Club of New York, Philip H. Willkie, son of Wendell, suggested an annual National Republican Conference, where the newcomer's voice might be heard. He proposed to exclude "the manipulators, the backroom men, the men who talk about who's going to be collector or fire commissioner. I want boys who'll stand up on issues and be counted. I don't think you can win an election until the public knows where you stand."

★

Concealed behind the dramatics of the CIO and AVC conventions, held simultaneously at the end of November, was a subtle switch in Communist Party strategy in America. The CP was prepared to have its trade unions set up a new federation of labor, to have its veterans take over the AVC or bolt in sufficient numbers to set up an independent party-line veterans' organization. Both plans were given up because of the poor Wallace showing.

Had Wallace polled three to five million votes, the Communists would have used the Progressive Party as a gravitational center for a number of organizations and movements. The low Wallace vote convinced CP leaders —no matter what they say to the contrary—that the Communists either directly or indirectly had no mass following in America. Setting up independent organizations would have meant merely a return to the isolation they suffered during the "Third Period," '29-'33. They therefore decided to retreat, not in policy or platform, but in organizational strategy.

★

The American Veterans' Committee moves simultaneously anti-Communist and pro-proletarian. At the AVC's first convention in Des Moines, three years ago, vice-chairman candidate Norris Helford characterized Charles Bolte, Oren Root Jr., Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and Cord Meyer Jr. as the "seersucker set." On the AVC's 24-man National Planning Committee, elected at Cleveland recently, there are: Harold Near, assistant to Emil Mazey of the UAW; Harold Beck, head of the AFL office employees' union in Milwaukee, AFL; Gus Tyler, political director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, AFL; Art Buck, sparkplug in Wyoming's Labor League for Political Education; and Sol Chaiken, western Massachusetts regional director of the ILGWU. Also there are Reginald Zalles, who worked with labor in Massachusetts in the recent anti-amendment drive, and Harold Libros, formerly with the Upholsterers' International Union, AFL.

★

The problem of caucuses within caucuses was a real one for the Committee for Militant Democratic Action of the UAW, headed by Dick Leonard and William C. Stevenson, former director for Region 1-A. A conference held recently by the caucus found within it a smaller caucus headed by Tracy M. Doll, ex-president of the Wayne County CIO Council. According to the Trotskyist *Militant*, the big caucus "vigorously opposed the Red-baiting of the Reuther-Mazey administration, while strongly condemning the Communist Party policies." The *Militant* considered Doll "a front for Stalinist activities."

★

Although victorious in a coalition with Democrats, labor leaders in numerous areas hesitate to make the plunge into the Democratic Party. Stanley Earl, secretary of the Oregon CIO, told his organization's state convention, "During the campaign of Manley Wilson for the United States Senate, we attempted to get some sort of help from the National Democratic Committee—our letters were not even answered." He said that Democratic success in the state was achieved in spite of, not because of, the party.

★

A test of liberal politics is expected to take place in the mayoralty election in Los Angeles. Bob Kenny's article in the *Nation*—repudiating Wallace, urging coalition between the Democrats and the Progressives, and pointing up the mayoralty election in Los Angeles as the grand opportunity to do so—is being interpreted as a publicly stated bid by Kenny for the candidacy. Others are talking about Jimmy Roosevelt for the job.

★

The march of labor into the world arena continues as Frank Grasso, secretary-treasurer of the CIO Paper Workers, joins the US staff in UNESCO as technical adviser on labor. Foster Pratt, former president of the International Federation of Technical Engineers', Architects' and Draftsmen's Unions, AFL, was appointed by Paul Hoffman to head the Mission-Liaison Branch in the ECA-Paris office.

★

"The popular sweep in the election not only sent to Washington a pro-labor Congress," says General Secretary-Treasurer Ed S. Miller of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' and Bartenders' International Union, "but it buried under an avalanche of workers' votes four out of five Prohibition measures."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

"LATER ARE THE AGES OF FREEDOM"

by James R. Newman

DISCRIMINATING READERS will be grateful to Jacques Barzun and once more to Alfred Knopf for rescuing from undeserved obscurity this small treasure-house of social insight, political sagacity and learning. Walter Bagehot's *Physics and Politics* is among the nineteenth-century writings that provided both the methods of analytic approach and the systems of ideas to form the underpinning of contemporary social sciences.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS, by Walter Bagehot. With an Introduction by Jacques Barzun (Alfred A. Knopf; $2.75).

It is a study of the evolution of political communities in light of the biological and anthropological discoveries of Darwin, Wallace, Tyler, Lubbock and others; it maps the significance for human history (as Max Lerner has said) "of such forces as custom and revolt, innovation and imitation, conflict and discussion"; it carries forward its often irresistible dialectic in a style of the utmost clarity marked by periods of irony and high eloquence. It is, in short, a work informed by the best of Victorian faith and thought, and adorned with its best literary manners. That is not to say it is without peculiarities and shortcomings, as will appear.

By "physics" Bagehot meant the whole of natural science, man's understanding and control over matter and energy; by "politics" he meant the social sciences, man's understanding and control over the relations among men. Mainly he was concerned with two questions: How may the principles of natural selection and inheritance be applied to political society? What are the "political prerequisites of power"? Thus, the astonishingly timely title of the book is misleading, if from it one should infer that Bagehot examines the kind of political problems arising from technological advances symbolized in our day by U-235. He was, to be sure, dealing, as Barzun says, with power politics—of which he had an uncanny comprehension—but one of the unfortunate gaps in his treatment of social change is the failure to consider, except by superficial reference, the social relations and function of science and technology. Perhaps that is asking too much: at any rate, he brings to his subject the growing resources of nineteenth-century science, and, what is equally important, the fighting creed of rationalism expressed in Huxley's stern admonition: "... be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abyss nature leads, or you shall learn nothing."

In a half-dozen brilliant essays Bagehot traces the transformation of society from the "preliminary age" when polity was unknown, to the "age of discussion" when polity, good and bad, came to grow on every tree. For a starting point he takes the period of "such men as neither knew nature, which is the clockwork of material civilization, nor possessed a polity which is a kind of clockwork to moral civilization." It was the age of Dryden's dream: "when wild in woods the noble savage ran." Men were free, but freedom then was a nasty, brutish affair which meant being at the mercy of all when of mercy there was none. Such notions as existed of law and polity were at best "uncertain, wavering, and unfit to be depended upon"; the bases of social order and morality were unformed; men could not imagine the meaning of a nation because they could not think of themselves as being *alike*, much less perceive the advantage of common action for a common purpose.

As if it were necessary first to retreat, to get a running start, so to speak, in order to ascend the "steep gradient" to civilization, these early creatures, although at the apex of the Linnaean chart, were less amenable to organization, more fierce in their individualism, than animals of a lower order, among which coöperation for a joint cause, impelled by instinct if not by reason, is not uncommon. So it must have been, Bagehot thinks, before the value of obedience and of a "comprehensive rule binding men together" was recognized.

Before freedom as modernly conceived could be attained, says Bagehot, men had to pass through a period of surrender of will, of submission, to an elite enforcing custom, privilege, tradition, superstition and ritual. It was a period Bagehot might well look upon with profound distaste, yet, like Hobbes, he saw in it the beginnings of all that is good and valuable in modern society.

Before distinctions of race could be swept aside, men had first to know pride of race; before they could regain the halcyon day spoken of in *Genesis* when the whole earth was "of one language and one speech," their language had first to be confounded and it had to be said that "whoever speaks two languages is a rascal"; before they could innovate and break the "cake of custom," they had to learn to imitate and to bake the cake of custom; before inspired to revolt against addiction to pattern, they had to grow weary of the pattern they had made; before men would discard armed conflict as the means of settling disputes, conflict had to serve its use as an agent of natural selection. These were the bitter, monotonous trials which prepared the age of discussion. And if, like the men of the Constituent Assembly in 1789, we look upon that long past as no more than a "blunder—a complex error to

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be got rid of as soon as might be"—we fail to see, as they failed to see, that "that error had made themselves." For liberty itself is descended of tyranny: "Later are the ages of freedom, first are the ages of servitude."

How did men pass from the first stage of civilization into the second stage—"out of the stage where permanence is most wanted into that where variability is most wanted"? (Note how often Bagehot draws upon the language of biology to explain the processes of social evolution.) The old proverb speaks only of the first step, but in the making of nations, it is the second step that counts. "What is most evident is not the difficulty of getting a fixed law, but getting out of a fixed law. . . ." The "arrested civilizations" —of the Far East, say—illustrate the point precisely: having taken the first step but not the second, they look, says Bagehot, "as if they had paused when there was no reason for pausing —when a mere observer from without would say they were likely not to pause."

"That which doth assign unto everything the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a law." And it is from law, as so defined by Hooker, that nations derive the permanence on which their existence, in peace or war, depends. But there must be something more than a bond to tie men together, more than a yoke "upon all men and all actions." Perhaps it would be more accurate to say there must be something less. For whatever binds a society must not constrict its variability and its adaptability to new circumstances. The social organism, like the biological organism, must have freedom to move and breathe and change. As there is need for men who will impose authority and uphold the existing order, so there is need for others who will question authority and strive restlessly for reform. Progress is "in the prophets"; while the force of legality must hold the nation together, it must not go so far as "to kill out all varieties and destroy nature's perpetual tendency to change"; even rebellion and discord have their uses.

In preserving this variability and in contributing to "nation-making," many contradictory factors play a part. Progress itself emerges only from the interplay of opposites and the very conditions of progress are those which tend to arrest it. It is "fixed law and usage" which makes a nation, yet the fixity of law and usage keeps it stationary. In the formative stage, nations need the advantages of isolation both as a protection against disruptive forces from without and to gain the time needed to establish the framework of rule and authority within. Yet without communication, traffic and commerce with other nations, no nation can long survive. War is needed because it "nourishes the 'preliminary' virtues." Yet endless wars must lead inevitably to utter ruin, and thus defeat even the purposes they may serve as operators on behalf of natural selection.

At last then, with the "head of the sage" helping the "arm of the soldier," a few peoples arrive at the age of discussion. Along the journey through time nations, empires, entire civilizations have risen and disappeared, leaving behind only myths, relics and crumbled walls. The age of discussion is "the age of choice." Athens was the first of the free states in history where sovereignty was divided, where men might, at least within limits, discuss issues of principle and decide upon a course of action based upon the outcome of their discussions. The fate of Socrates merely proved that toleration as the idea is now defined—or at least as it was defined in Bagehot's time—had not yet won full acceptance. But the dialogues of Plato and the works of other Greek philosophers express the character of men who were free to reflect and probe, to enquire about all things, to believe that which is sustained by reason and to reject that which reason rejects.

"In societies tyrannically customary, uncongenial minds become first cowed, then melancholy, then out of health, and at last die." And there are, as we well know, even shorter ways with dissenters. But in the age of discussion, or at least in the ideal image of such an age, there is a safe haven for dissenters: for it is an age of intellectual as well as political liberty, of free thought, of "advancing sciences." The desire of man to better his condition —Macaulay's phrase—which may be considered the source of progress—finds in such an age the necessary and sufficient prerequisites for its development. Originality is encouraged, fixity contemned; the trust in status is supplanted by faith in the dreams of the young and the wise; rational discussion dissolves the "sacred charm of use and wont"; the need for bigotry wanes, and thus its power. "The progress of *man* requires the coöperation of *men*. . . ." And this is only possible in an age of discussion, an age of trade, traffic, communication, science, toleration, freedom and peace. Still, the very notion of coöperation was "produced by one of the strongest yokes . . . and the most terrible tyrannies ever known among men—the authority of 'customary law'."

One of the best features of this study is Bagehot's recital of the social and political problems besetting communities in their incessant struggle for existence. He seems to believe, however, that many of these are problems of the past; that having progressed, man is not likely to retrogress; that having entered the age of discussion, the forward nations of the Western world need not apprehend the reappearance of dark forces peculiar to earlier ages. Though he had the specific misgivings of one who knows he has "truncated" a problem because it cannot be solved in whole; and those generally of a critic and philosopher, of an intelligence both practical and subtle, he was not altogether uncommitted to the nineteenth century's faith in the ultimate perfectibility of society through the agency of reason. This century, I venture to say, has not vindicated that faith.

Take, for example, Bagehot's picture of the savage: "His life is twisted into a thousand curious habits; his

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reason is darkened by a thousand strange prejudices; his feelings are frightened by a thousand cruel superstitions." Is modern man so cleansed of these "monstrous images," so free of delusions and hallucinations, so impervious to the influence of fanatics, demagogues and mountebanks, so untouched by dogmas of race and nationalism, so discerning of falsehood and propaganda, so cured of violence and barbarism, that he may regard the folkways of savages with condescension and indifference? "'These people,' says Captain Palmer of the Fiji, 'are very conservative. A chief was one day going over a mountain path followed by a long string of his people, when he happened to stumble and fall; all the rest of the people immediately did the same except one man, who was set upon by the rest to know whether he considered himself better than the chief'." Are we so emancipated, so independent in daily habits, in social and economic practices, in our political behavior that the anecdote cannot be regarded as a timely fable? "The ultimate question," says Carlyle, "between every two human beings is, 'Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me?'" Is this a question merely for primitive man? Do not whole continents yet press for an answer?

It would be improper to take Bagehot to task for his errors of prophecy except in so far as his analysis of the process of social evolution suffers from an uncritical assimilation of Darwinian principles and analogies into his interpretation of social phenomena. Altogether, his was a balanced and wonderfully open mind. He had an extraordinary grasp of the perplexities of politics and was well aware of the vast difference between public and private virtues, the absurdity (as Barzun says) of trying to personify groups, classes and nations "as if they were solid entities with one will and one mind," the thinness of man's crust of reasonableness, the fact that government by discussion has from its origins been a "plant of singular delicacy," of the elusiveness of cause and the instability of effect in the political affairs of mankind.

Where he fails most conspicuously is in his disregard of the effect of economic forces on social movement and in his underestimation, as Lerner has pointed out, of the "democratic masses as a creative political force." He had no sympathy, as Woodrow Wilson said of him, "with the voiceless body of the people, with the 'mass of unknown men'." Thus, typically, he thought the English the most advanced people politically because of their "dull, fixed" habits of acting all one way (and then only slowly), and the French retarded politically because "a great deal too clever [and volatile] to be free." "Stupidity" he considered an essential prerequisite of political freedom. *Physics and Politics*, it might be said finally, is a penetrating examination of the law of civilization but an imperfect appreciation of the law of decay.

THEY SHALL NOT SLEEP

THE LEGACY OF SACCO AND VANZETTI, by G. Louis Joughin and Edmund M. Morgan (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $6).

NO ONE has the right to pass as educated today unless he knows the Sacco-Vanzetti case, for this was not merely a trial in court nor even a sociological phenomenon in the history of the United States. It was a spiritual experience and setback which only a fundamentally healthy America could have endured.

When a foreman of a jury prior to hearing any evidence in a capital case says of the defendants: "Damn them, they ought to hang anyway"; when a trial judge curses the defendants and misquotes testimony; when witness after witness for the prosecution acknowledges having committed perjury, and all this comes before an appellate court which refuses to intervene; when the Governor into whose hands the case comes refuses the clemency inherent and intended in his constitutional duty because he resents advice from people who do not own a house and lot in Massachusetts; when all this happens and two men die who, if not proved innocent, were certainly not proved guilty in accordance with the principles of even-handed justice—when all this happens, we can say, as did Heywood Broun during the time that Governor Fuller and his associates still had it within their power to avert the tragedy:

> We have a right to beat against tight minds with our fists and shout a word into the ears of the old men. We want to know, we will know—Why?

Every American has a right to know *why* this could and did happen in America, the America of Plymouth

DRAWING BY ALFRED ZALON

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI NICOLA SACCO

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Rock, not far from which Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were put to death.

G. Louis Joughin and Edmund M. Morgan in *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* not only tell you *why* but *how* it happened. In 514 pages they tell a story of heroes as well as of cravens. For every plush-lined Fuller there was an ascetic, truth-loving Anatole France, for every evidence-juggling Katzmann there was a crusading Romain Rolland, for every record-distorting Lowell there was a fair-minded John Galsworthy, for every cursing, inept Judge Thayer there was a brilliant, stout-hearted Justice Felix Frankfurter. William G. Thompson, Arthur D. Hill and Herbert B. Ehrmann, conservative Boston lawyers, bred in the tradition of Cape Cod aristocracy, put aside their briefs for corporation clients to battle for penniless immigrants caught in the mesh woven by labor-hating shoe manufacturers, ambitious detectives, conscienceless prosecutors, a vulgar judge and a self-centered, self-satisfied, glory-seeking Governor.

It is a book that will excite and anger you; but you may take some comfort from the fact that there was a defender like William G. Thompson, of whom Justice Holmes said: "His must be a beautiful and powerful nature."

And it is some consolation now to know that two men like G. Louis Joughin and Edmund M. Morgan have devoted more than five years to studying not only the record of the trial but all the literature on the subject, including poems, plays and novels, so that present and future generations will understand what sociological, economic and even mystic forces were at work in creating a Greek tragedy out of the ordinary stuff of two obscure laboring men tried for murder.

What influence was it that brought such world figures as Clarence Darrow, William Borah, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Edna St. Vincent Millay, George Bernard Shaw, Arthur Brisbane, William Allen White, Fritz Kreisler, Albert Einstein and others to plead for men entirely unknown to them?

Joughin and Morgan tell you why with the clarity and thoroughness of scholars and with the authority which their long study, impartiality and sincerity assure and guarantee. They earn the gratitude of all lovers of justice for their able, unselfish, dramatic, absorbing account of a supreme tragedy in American law, a tragedy which must never happen again, and to the avoidance of which they have made a monumental contribution.

MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO

Judge Michael A. Musmanno has been on the Pittsburgh Court of Common Pleas since 1933. During the war he served in the Navy in the North Atlantic as liaison officer with the Fifth Army, and as Military Governor of the Sorrentine Peninsula in Italy. He was for a time President Judge of the Military Tribunal at the Nuremberg war-crimes trial.

WORTH REPRINTING

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN, by William Carlos Williams. With an introduction by Horace Gregory (New Directions; $1.50).

AMERICA, as no other country, offers itself as a spectacle, as a rich subject for comment and analysis. It *expects* to be noticed and discussed, and the visitor complies by delivering his impressions to the ship's reporter. The country is avid for opinions that interpret it to itself. And the readiness with which the rawest stranger arrives at conclusions suggests that the United States is regarded less as the nation of a people than as an experiment conducted by the world, in which the non-resident has a proprietary interest. In any case, some of the most penetrating analyses of America have been made by foreigners—de Tocqueville and D. H. Lawrence, for instance—and it was after years spent in residence abroad and as the "restless analyst" that Henry James wrote *The American Scene*.

In the American Grain, written more than twenty years ago and now reprinted, stands with those classic works, with the interesting difference that its author does not share their detachment, their immunity from the subject. Williams is deeply involved and concerned and enraged. He accounts for America in her history: "There is a source in America for everything we think or do." In a series of sketches that are conceived by a poet (but which contain, for all that, the *facts*), he investigates the "source" of our national character. Like D. H. Lawrence, he sees the continent as ghost-ridden; a central factor in our history is the disgraceful extermination of the Indian. "Fierce and implacable we kill them but their souls dominate us. Our men, our blood, but their spirit is master."

Related to this senseless destruction of the Indian, "the flower of his world," is the American instinct of withdrawal. "It is necessary in appreciating our history," he writes, "to realize that the nation was the offspring of the desire to huddle, to protest—of terror."

But the impulse to this "huddle" is the reverse of a social instinct. "The characteristic of American life is that it holds off from embraces, from impacts, gaining, by fear, safety and time in which to fortify its prolific carcass." Dr. Williams associates this with our hatred of failure, our fear of the poor, and "our immense wealth, the product of fear." Their origins he discovers in "the damning puritanical tradition." His loathing of the Puritans convinces by its passion. "Stripped and little they came resting on no authority but the secret warmth of their tight-locked hearts."

Actually, it's the passion that counts in this book, the force of prejudice. It is not a book of history in the accepted sense, and historians would dispute some of Williams' interpretations. He selects those incidents which suit his purpose and re-creates them in the manner of art. It is more valuable than any mere chronicling of events; for it reproduces the experience, and it is in this that the educative value of history resides. This didactic purpose is implicit in the book, and gives to it a vividness and beauty that do honor to our literature.

JOHN FARRELLY

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MUSIC: More Emissaries from France

FRANCIS POULENC, the most recent of the first-rank French composers to visit the United States, is also one of the few French musicians to come here this fall without some sort of official government sponsorship. He was tactful enough, however, to recognize his informal cultural ambassadorship by making his debut in Washington, where he functioned as accompanist for Pierre Bernac, the baritone he has preferred for many years as interpreter of his songs. From Washington, Poulenc and Bernac came directly to New York, to give two recitals, attended equally by musicians, diplomats and Francophiles. Poulenc also played the solo part of his "Concert Champêtre" in three concerts with Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society.

Through these five appearances in a single fortnight, Poulenc demonstrated that he is one of the ablest, if not one of the most inspired, musicians in the world today. His choice of Bernac as agent of his songs indicated the discrimination of his taste, his preference for quiet skill rather than flamboyant exhibition. Despite the almost total absence of anything most people would recognize as a voice, the baritone is able to sing this music, as well as the music of other French composers, with a wonderful sense of immediacy and intimate communication. Poulenc's accompaniments, moreover, are perfect in their resiliency, tonal balance and unobtrusive beauty of nuance. As solo pianist with the Philharmonic—an assignment calling for a larger projection—he showed that he can expand the scale of his playing and increase the volume of its sound without sacrificing the exact calculation with which he treats every phrase.

Like his playing, Poulenc's musical compositions possess that identity of sense with sensibility, of the mind with the feelings, which is the attribute most admired by French musicians. Mitropoulos set off the "Concert Champêtre," a decorative and brightly bucolic little work whose solo part was originally conceived for the reticent harpsichord rather than for the piano, against Mahler's Seventh Symphony, a behemoth that fails in eighty minutes to make its purposes half as clear as Poulenc does in twenty minutes.

The opposition of these works divided the audience into two camps, and served to clarify not only the nature of Poulenc's musical mind, but also the nature of the audience which finds his music enjoyable. Poulenc is a characteristically modern composer, who views with distaste the notion of burdening his music with philosophical overtones, whereas Mahler was a last-ditch Romanticist, seeking always to make his symphonies carry a heavy freight of extra-musical symbolism. Those who hunt for the cosmos in music will turn away from Poulenc unsatisfied, but others who like their music without metaphysical machinery will accept him pleasantly, admiring the clarity of his logical processes and the efficiency with which he puts across his points.

It is unfair, however, to accuse Poulenc of superficiality. Like Haydn, Mozart and most other composers before the German Romanticists weighted music down with a sense of mission, Poulenc sees no harm in viewing instrumental music primarily as a diversion. His vocal music, on the other hand, is often a matter for profound sentiment. The songs, of which he and Bernac presented two cycles at their Town Hall recitals, are heartfelt and wholly serious.

And it is as a song composer that future generations are most likely to remember Poulenc. In this field he is the most capable craftsman since Ravel, and the emotional range of his lyrics is much wider. All things considered, he is the finest living song composer, unrivaled in his ability to grasp both the scansion and the expressive connotations of a wide variety of poetic texts.

His newest cycle, "Calligrammes," which received its world première in the second Town Hall recital, is not only impeccable in its workmanship; it is as spontaneous and as touching as the best music of Gabriel Fauré, whom the French consider their greatest lyric composer.

A setting of seven short poems that were written by Guillaume Apollinaire when the poet was in the French army, the cycle moves between two poles of feeling—memories of the past, and the cruel realities of the present—and reaches a shocking climax in a cynical apostrophe to peace, in which the music resorts to the glib bromides usually found in cheap, sentimental patriotic exhortations. No musician who can write songs like the "Calligrammes" is a minor composer. Poulenc is one of those deceptive artists, generally underrated in critical esteem, who attain their greatest specific gravity in works of small dimensions.

A further revelation of the perfection of French music-making at its best was provided by the Loewenguth String Quartet of Paris, which settled down in Times Hall to play all the quartets of Beethoven in a series of six concerts. Superlatives are risky, and unpalatable when you have to eat them afterwards, but on the basis of this demonstration I am willing to call the Loewenguth Quartet the greatest chamber-music ensemble performing today.

They have the kind of technical control which surpasses and obliterates mere virtuosity. They really understand the dynamism of rhythm, as opposed to the harsh domination of metrical accents which passes for rhythm with inferior performers; their ear for the texture, emphasis and inflection which will capture the full meaning of every passage is altogether uncanny. Best of all, they play with a simple, clear tone, and do not trade upon the rich, juicy vibrato which, by comparison, makes the Budapest Quartet sound commercial.

CECIL SMITH

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RADIO-TELEVISION: Opera

A PUSHOVER for the underdog, this department weeps for NBC. It has lost Jack Benny, who is moving to CBS. Benny's switch follows the desertion of Amos 'n' Andy, who changed allegiance at the beginning of the season. The frustrated fiddler's walk across Radio Row will surely be followed by Phil Harris and Alice Faye; they follow Benny now on NBC, and he owns their program—gag, yak and hoke. Edgar Bergen, too, may be won over. Fred Allen, threatened with lonesomeness at the old stand (and horribly disillusioned by the fizzle of his campaign against "Stop the Music"), may retire altogether. Yet behind all this kilocycle carnage there is a factor that justified NBC's holding high its hands in utter horror. Money is involved.

Leaving the fiscal minutiae to those who care to bother with such, I join NBC atop the tower dedicated to art and point a pious finger at CBS. This network stole Amos 'n' Andy from NBC by paying them $2 million. Furthermore, CBS showed the minstrels that they need pay the internal-revenue collector only 25 percent of their weekly earnings under a capital-gains setup, instead of forking over 75 percent in straight income taxes. Having thus seduced Amos 'n' Andy, CBS went after Benny.

NBC's president hurried to Los Angeles and talked to him. I'm sure that the subject was Art, but CBS's coin jingled louder. Now Benny will be on CBS—same night as of old, same old time, same old sponsor. "Yes," one NBC executive adds tragically, "Same old routine, too." NBC should know.

Having said enough about radio to hold the franchise, let's turn serious. In the happier field of television something important has just occurred. The Metropolitan Opera Company's première performance of the season, "Otello," came to viewers tuned in on ABC-TV transmitters in the areas of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Just as I wouldn't dream of stepping on the financial editor's toes to discuss tax affairs affecting incorporated comedians, so I shy away from the music specialist's field and refuse to delve into operatic criticism. All I know is what I saw and heard on the television screen. And that was exciting and full of superb promise.

I shall make certain criticisms of ABC's camera work on the opera's opening night, but I am as serious as I can be when I assert that the comments are mere footnotes. The difficulties of televising the opera were tremendous. The cameramen, and their director, went into their work cold, after watching one rehearsal —the brainstorm that resulted in the venture came upon ABC too suddenly. Unlike ABC's sound technicians, who have learned where and how to place microphones from long experience in broadcasting the opera on radio every Saturday during the season, the camera crews had no opportunity to experiment. They figured out the best positions for their eight cameras (the largest number ever used outside a studio) and went on the air.

One technical problem concerned lights—how to provide enough illumination for the cameras without interfering with the lighting effects, which at times, as in the opening scene of "Otello," demand a stage that's almost dark. That problem was solved by the use of infra-red lamps along the footlights and in the proscenium.

Although the danger point for television camera tubes is the relatively cool 112 degrees Fahrenheit, they generate a lot of heat. For that reason, the cameras are cooled by fans, or blowers. But these blowers make a noise which might have disturbed the audience at the Met. So the blowers were disconnected, and the cameramen used dry ice to cool their tubes.

Thus, armed with buckets of ice and with their fingers crossed, the cameramen tried their best. Sometimes they produced effects that were rather weird. That opening scene, which the audience at the Met saw in twilight, came through amply lighted on the viewing screen of the television set. But the cast on stage moved like white ghosts against a gray background. In another scene, Iago wore a halo—not only around the head; his whole body was outlined in white—giving the earthy villain a peculiarly sepulchral effect.

The cameras did not always focus on the specific singer. Sometimes the lensmen tried to catch the entire stage, and didn't quite make it. Sometimes they showed too much—like every knot in every muscle in Otello's chunky legs.

But that the effort was made at all, and that it came off as well as it did, is the important thing. There was adequate camera work, too, and although it never rose above being merely that, no one was more aware of the mistakes than the technicians and network officials themselves. They did their best. They used the Metropolitan itself as their laboratory. And there is no doubt that this one telecast is a genuine departure in the direction of bringing a great art to millions of people who think the only opera is the variety that sells soap.

Everyone connected with the adventure—and that's what it was—deserves congratulation. The Met's board deserves a pat, along with the network's. The singers in the cast have earned a bow, along with the aural engineers who reproduced every note faithfully, and the video engineers who risked reputations by experimenting in public. Even the oft-accused sponsor has earned credit; Milton Cross mentioned Texaco gasoline only twice, which is certainly poor pay for all the money this telecast cost the Texaco people.

Cross, the oldest hand there is at opera reportage, did an excellent job summarizing each act, before the curtains parted, for the uninitiates at the

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television sets at home. The entr'acte interviews were dull, but presumably the viewer also went for a drink of water while the Met audience flocked to Sherry's bar. The entire evening was a tribute to broadcasting at its most enterprising best. One is almost persuaded to accept Cross's odd statement: "You are seeing and hearing a milestone." SAUL CARSON

MOVIES: Funny as a Crutch

THE HOLLYWOOD CODE of propriety, as we all know, is strict to the point of being puritanical. It does not, for example, permit a couple to occupy a double bed unless the actors portraying the roles are married in fact as well as in fiction. The logic here seems to be that an audience, which might be excited by such intimacy for professional purposes, is undisturbed when it knows the couple sleeps together anyway. It is a line of reasoning susceptible of exhilarating extensions.

But Hollywood is a jolly place for all its righteousness, and if you profess to be making a joke (never mind how feeble) you are given considerable latitude. A woman's breasts, needless to say, are never alluded to in serious films, though not infrequently they are the only attribute a performer has to offer. But in the current "June Bride" considerable merriment is had at the expense of a husband who overhears a conversation about his wife's bust and has apparently forgotten that she cherishes a piece of pseudo-classic statuary. The object has been placed in the garage, it is to be painted black, etc. The double meanings are extended much further than the mildness of the jest warrants; you feel the people involved are enjoying the relief of tension that comes to some of our citizens when they scribble messages in public toilets.

Consider now "Miss Tatlock's Millions," really a case study in facetious license. We can pass quickly over the fact that a character of liberal complexion is shown to be so infatuated with the prospect of a large inheritance that he eagerly connives to upset a will, or that a native of Hawaii is held up to ridicule and contempt; these subsidiary plot incidents, after all, strike at the convictions of only small segments of the potential audience.

Look instead at the two premises of the main plot: a moron has inherited an enormous sum of money and a girl finds herself captivated by the sexual attractions of her brother. Here is comedy based on mental degeneration and incest. Come and be gay and be sure to bring the kiddies. They'll roar at the funny man crawling under the table and they won't realize what the nice young lady is thinking about—not much they won't.

Of course the halfwit is really as smart as a whip and of course the brother is really someone else, but only the audience knows that—the same audience that checks up on Hollywood marriages before it reacts to the stimulus of a double bed.

Good comedies, or, more precisely, good farces, have been written about both lunacy and inbreeding, but the subjects require the deftest touch, and Charles Brackett, director and co-author with Richard Breen of "Miss Tatlock's Millions," handles humor like peanut butter. He had a major hand also in "A Foreign Affair," that rollicking investigation into Berlin black marketing and prostitution. The surprising thing about "Miss Tatlock's Millions," however, is not that it fails to be funny, but that it gets away with so much in the attempt.

The film involves the efforts of Wanda Hendrix, John Lund, Ilka Chase and Dorothy Stickney. It demonstrates once more the democratic spirit of the big studios (Paramount in this case) by treating Barry Fitzgerald, a spirited and superbly evocative actor, and Monty Woolley, an ill-tempered beard, as though they were peers.

"Monte Cassino," the most recent Italian import, is more the reënactment of a crime than it is a drama. It is an honest and detailed explanation of the events culminating in the almost complete destruction of the monastery into which the Italians of the countryside had flocked for refuge and from which the Germans would not permit them to go when announcement was given of the coming attack. But the film also attempts to create a narrative of individual lives, and these fail to materialize despite a number of relaxed and convincing performances. There isn't space to reconstruct history and present a story at the same time, and each frustrates the other.

Too many of the effects are contrived by the use of miniature sets. Obviously, if you decide to show the actual battle for Monte Cassino, you must build scale models (you must, that is, unless you are D. W. Griffith). But a less literal script could have obviated these toytown sequences.

Another reconstruction with models is Pudovkin's "Admiral Nakhimov," and this is the kind of propaganda we too shall be making if we don't watch out. Nakhimov was the defender of Sevastapol in the Crimean War, and his biography is used now as a platform for stating certain Russian views on the world situation. It is bad news for anyone with a reasonably good memory when a country begins to complain that it is surrounded by covetous enemies; in the case of a country as large as Russia, it is not only ominous; it is a little absurd.

Pudovkin devotes a lot of attention to his big battle scenes, very little to individual characters, and the result is old-fashioned and naïve. The destruction of ship models is ruthless, and dead bodies fly before the camera like trash down a windy street. As for Nakhimov (played by Igor Lubovsky), his military genius is demonstrated by a stolid disregard for enemy bullets that may have established his courage but certainly cut short his usefulness to the Czar.

The Russians have a case before the world today, but "Admiral Nakhi-

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mov" is the kind of argument by historical analogy that can only alert her enemies and distress her friends.

There have been many better plays on Broadway in the twenty years since Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck danced and drank and wept their way through "Burlesque," but somehow that little vignette of tawdry sentiment refuses to fade. Skelly and Stanwyck were incomparably touching as the lost lovers, and they were able to convince us that their banal and bitter story was repeated endlessly over the down-at-heels burlesque circuit.

The newest revival of "Burlesque" is "When My Baby Smiles at Me," starring Dan Dailey and Betty Grable, with James Gleason, Jack Oakie and June Havoc in supporting roles. The play has been turned into a Technicolor musical (a good one), but Walter Lang has directed it with enough of the old pathos to get under your skin. The difference is that when Dailey and Grable go through their pathetic dance reunion at the end you feel everything is going to be OK; when Skelly and Stanwyck danced it you knew everything was going to be just the way it had always been.

Still, the two principals get much deeper into their parts than musical stars usually venture, and there's nobody like Gleason and Oakie to create the atmosphere of hard-luck show business. ROBERT HATCH

THEATRE: Pleasant Plays

UNLESS EVERY SHOW you see must be an "experience," you might set down "Goodbye, My Fancy" (at the Morosco) as an unobjectionable play.

It is about the return of a congresswoman to the college from which she was expelled for having stayed out all night—with an idealistic history professor now become the college president. The congresswoman imagines that six years after her expulsion—in the intervening time she has been a brave newspaperwoman in all the political and military hot spots—she will renew her first romance. But the man of her dreams has become a circumspect prexy. Her visit to the campus is not, however, without effect. She rekindles the idealism of her former swain—thus preventing him from becoming a stuffed shirt—and decides to marry a journalist-photographer who had been her lover in Paris during the Liberation.

There are a number of amiable pleasantries strewn through the text of "Goodbye, My Fancy"—like jokes about *Life* magazine which always "photographs people picking their noses"—and other bits of dialogue and characterization that belong to the category of good-natured liberal cliché. For example, the sex-appealing photographer is supposed to represent not only romance but virility, courage and, above all, ideological rectitude, because, during the war, he covered Yugoslavia. I am not certain how such an assignment assures these virtues, but the audience is perfectly willing to take the author at her word.

The play succeeds in making everyone settle down to a comfortable acquiescence. Little Theatres, summer-stock companies and community groups all over the country will be doing it for the next five years. Its vitality is low, but it provides benevolent titillation and contains no harmful ingredients.

The production of "Goodbye, My Fancy" is agreeably competent. Bethel Leslie is refreshing as the college president's daughter; Shirley Booth is expertly laconic as the congresswoman's secretary; Sam Wanamaker (who directed the play) is so smoothly self-infatuated as the photographer that one is inclined to like him almost as much as he likes himself. In her first Broadway appearance, Madeleine Carroll as the congresswoman is very good to look at, altogether engaging and as professional as the occasion demands. Miss Carroll is the critics' crush of the

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season, but her capacity as an actress cannot be measured until she is cast in a more substantial part.

I am not wholly sure of my reaction to "The Silver Whistle" (at the Biltmore) except that I found it more entertaining than most of the season's new plays. Robert McEnroe, who wrote it, is a young man with wit, fancy and a feeling for language. These are becoming rare attributes on our stage.

"The Silver Whistle" is a comic conceit about a rather literary tramp (formerly an English professor) who experiments with the souls of a group of inmates at a home for the aged. He wants to find out, he says, whether there is still hope for these ancient and neglected discards of society. The author's approach is wryly sentimental, quizzical and shrewd. Even when you begin to doubt the validity of his inspiration—suspecting contrivance, and a somewhat too dogged determination to be rhetorically gay and astutely whimsical—you still feel respectful and indulgent toward his purpose.

The reservations I suggest as to the spontaneity of the playwright's creativeness is linked with a slight uncertainty about the quality of the acting and of the production as a whole. On the surface, there is no question that both deserve high praise. Doro Merande is priceless as the sharpest of the play's old folk, and nearly all the others are good.

As the silver-tongued tramp, José Ferrer is facile, inventive, amusing and authoritative. But his very excellence as a performer, his dry objectivity, his juggler's nonchalance and impersonality tend to rob the character he plays of any life beyond the actor's own gifts. Cleverness becomes more important than any essential spirit within the play or the part. This fault in Ferrer's *tour de force* communicates itself to the whole show. Considering its material, the production has little warmth, lyricism or glow. The charm becomes tricky, representing showmanship rather than imagination. In one's approval of a job very well done one is left vaguely dissatisfied by a lack of genuine mood. HAROLD CLURMAN

BANDWAGON

Grim Prospect

Businessmen knew that the nation's economy is bolstered by Washington's foreign policy—billions for European aid and armaments. A peace scare could kick the props from under the prosperity. – *Lou Schneider in his syndicated column.*

Golden Rule of Thumb

"Today we have an infallible yardstick to measure the liberty and independence of any nation," he continued, "and that yardstick is the hatred of the Russian government and its deluded sympathizers. In that hit parade, Spain is well out front." – *The Reverend Hunter Guthrie, S.J., dean of Georgetown University Graduate School, as quoted in the Washington* Post.

Hands Across the Sea

"Christianity and the Atomic Age" is the subject for Clare Booth Luce, when she speaks here Friday evening at War Memorial Opera House as a guest of the Paulist Forum. Successful playwright, former congresswoman and one-time crusader for woman's rights, Mrs. Luce in her talk will attempt to find a bridge between the cyclotron and the Sermon on the Mount. – *From the San Francisco* Shopping News.

Lest We Forget

In analyzing the political justice of Spain there are certain things that must be remembered on the "good side." Although the system as a whole is rotten and the people are frequently condemned to prison for no good reason, the prisons themselves are relatively good. – *C. L. Sulzberger in the New York* Times.

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YES, says G. L. ARNOLD, political observer and writer for the London "Tribune."
NO, says GEORGE LA PIANA, professor of church history at Harvard University, scholar, and critic of the Vatican.
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Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., Morgan & Johnson Aves., Brooklyn 6, N. Y. 173

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